PETERSBURG PUBLIC LIB
3001 9100 063 605 1

Res Rm
050
M691
(1944)
c.1

Petersburg High
School.
The Missile.

Petersburg Public Library
Petersburg, VA 23803-4257

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2017 with funding from
LYRASIS and LYRASIS Members

https://archive.org/details/missilethe1944pete

Res. RD
050
M691
C.1

s.Rm.
050
M691
(1944)

THE MISSILE

MAY 1944

Petersburg Public Library
Petersburg, Va

THE MISSILE

MAY

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FORTY-FOUR

PETERSBURG HIGH SCHOOL

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

Rec. Rm
050
M691
C.1
(1944)

THE MISSILE P

VOL. XXXII PETERSBURG, VA., MAY, 1944 No. 1

TABLE OF CONTENTS

		Page
Staff		3
Our Class Graduates	Wilma Lum	4
Senior Pictures—Organizations Section.		
The Return	Ed Barksdale	5
A Sprig of Rue	Wilma Lum	12
Terror		
The Lonesome Wind		
Dark Night of Grief		
Etiquette vs. Mr. Wrigley	Emma G. Buchanan	14
Communique No. 679	Julie Anderson	15
The Teapot's Fury	Nelda Lee Davis	17
Beside The Brook	Marjorie Davie	18
Tropical Interlude	William Kellogg	19
Waiting	Jane Eanes	21
A Mountain Peak	Dorothy Strailman	22
Love	Mary Frances Herzog	23
Music and Memories	Helen Powers	23
On Autumn	Charles Fenderson	24
No Letter Today	Faith Davis	25
Moods	James Dooley	27
How to be Happy		
Alone		
The Male's Chance	Anderson Johnson	28
An Atom	Alvin Cohen	29
Springtime	Wirt Williams	30
Stars	James Freeman	30
For Him	Shirley Sollod	31
The Fiesta	Conway Coleman	32
Camping	James Dooley	33
Let Us Be Worthy	Julie Anderson	34
The Mad Clown	Marjorie Davie	35
Idiot's Delight	Alvin Cohen	37
The Steam Shovel	Norman Krell	38
"Missing In Action"	Arlene Donovan	39
An Old Mill	Marjorie Johnson	41
I Must	Mary Frances Herzog	43
The Mowing Machine	Preston Hare	46
My Solitude	Audrey Cheeley	47
Snow	Calvin Orcutt	47
Advertisements		48

Issued in May by the students of the Petersburg High School, Petersburg, Virginia.
Subscription Rate: $1.00 a copy; 75c by advance subscription.

"The Missile"

..STAFF..

Editors-in-Chief

JULIA ANDERSON
MARY FRANCES HERZOG

Associate Editors

JEAN CARR
ALVIN COHEN
MARJORIE DAVIE
FAITH DAVIS
THOMAS NEAVES
CHARLOTTE SCHERR
SHIRLEY SOLLOD
DOROTHY STRAILMAN

Business Staff

Business Manager

JANE EANES

Assistants

ANN MOOTS
BOBBY BAXTER
BOBBY TOTTY
LAWRENCE SPENCER
CHRISTINE SHEPHERD
SELMA GOLDBERG
DOROTHY ELLIOTT
IRMA BLACKER
JIMMY DOOLEY
BEN BOOTH

Circulation Staff

Circulation Manager

BOBBY CHURN

Assistants

CAROLYN DAY
SAMUEL LEYS
PAT COLEMAN
ELLIS ZUCKERMAN

Art Staff

Art Editor

NELDA L. DAVIS

Staff

ED. BARKSDALE
ELGIN CAMPBELL
CHARLES SHEFFIELD
MARIETTA PARKS

Photograph Committee

WILMA LUM, Chairman
HELEN POWERS
MARY JANE SPIVEY

Faculty Advisers

Literary

MR. H. AUGUSTUS MILLER, JR.

Business

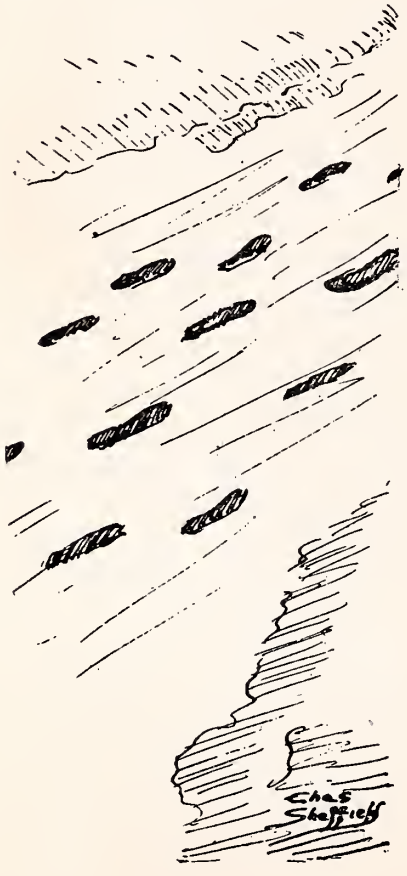
MR. WILLIAM W. READE.

Circulation

MISS BESSIE M. HALL

Our Class Graduates

Wilma Lum



Together we reach the forks in the road,
The rocky road we have traveled so long,
And our guides with a parting word of cheer
Now leave us to stay new feet from wrong,
So we set out alone on our separate ways
With a dream in our hearts, on our lips a song.

No more will our paths together wind,
For a few to the steepest heights will climb,
And some will sink to the darkest depths,
But the mighthy mass as in every time
Will the humbler tasks of the world perform
Unnoticed by those in the places sublime.

O God, as we here at the cross-roads stand,
May we not judge by standards so frail
That we are so blinded by brilliant flashes
Of shooting stars that we utterly fail
To see the myriad, tiny stars
That steadfastly light each hill and dale.

Senior Pictures
Organizations

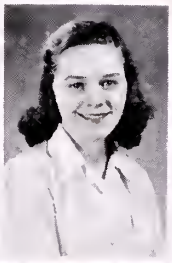
◆ ◆

1944

PETERSBURG HIGH SCHOOL

P. H. S. 1944

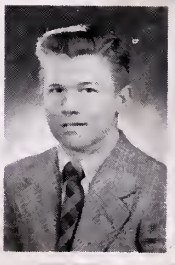
Wirt Robertson Williams
Theresa Mae Nester



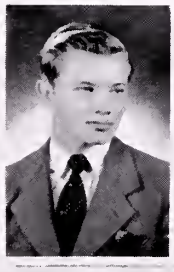
Meade Castleton Edmunds, Jr.
Elizabeth Anne Butler
Doris Louise White
Grace Nelsen Jones
Mary Schwenck Edens
Alexander Hamilton Mason

Kenneth Booker Graves
Betty Paige Hart
Julia Tillar Anderson
Virginia Isabell Baxter
Hildah Florence Jolly
Richard August Zaruba, Jr.

Robert Gordon Churn
George Anne Lewis
Betty Jane Livsie
Faye Elizabeth Bunker
Rachel Marie Stanley
Franklin Irvine Gill



William Drewry Gallalee
Hilda Juanita Harris
Shirley Ann Sollod
Janet Leigh Mann
Vera Marie Davis
Charles Edward Condrey



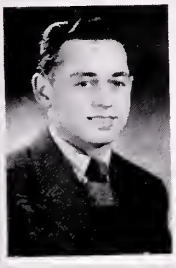
Clarence Robert Hile
Anne Joyce Clements
Jacqueline Lee Holmes
Myrtle Kathleen Handschuh
Isabel Witherspoon Robertson
Herbert Claiborne Jones, Jr.

William Mahone, IV
Evelyn Oneida Hamner
Dorothy Gysbers Strailman
Beatryce Elizabeth Ricamore
Helen Frances Tate
Lorenzo Byrd Harvell

P. H. S. 1944

Aubrey Lee Lucas
Jane Elizabeth Kellam

Norman Krell
Jane Clary Widdop
Ann Hoy Garrett
Blanche Love Brown
Mildred Mae George
Benjamin Saunders Booth, Jr.



Preston Edward Hare
Davidena Matilda Johnson
Mary Frances Herzog
Mary Leigh Williams
Margaret Lucille Jolly
Kenneth Mercer Melvin

Charles Franklin Scott, Jr.
Carolyn Starr Wells
Kathryn Ann Glazier
Dorothy Mae Campbell
Ann Elizabeth Lewis
Bernard Claiborne Swann

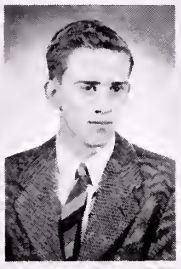
Anderson Forbes Johnson
Mary Estelle Hamm
Betty Ann Bragg
Juanita Eliott Cottrell
Lois Cathrine Allen
Leroy Sutter McDaniel

Thomas Pete Westbrook, Jr.
Doris Helen Kuehn
Mary Ruth Tyler
Mabel Arline Stewart
Frances Arlene Perkinson
Calvin Burksell Elmore

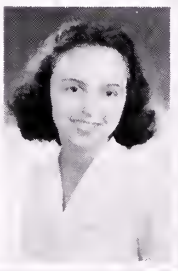
Fred Harrison Minson
Constance Joyce Harrison
Marion Elizabeth Davis
Mary Elizabeth Saunders
Edith Geraldine Colgin
Edward Claiborne Andrews

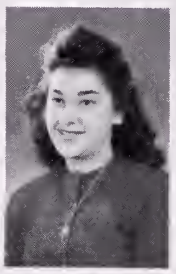
P. H. S. 1944

John Edgar Oakley
Edna Jean Martin

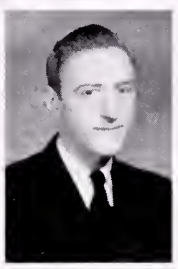


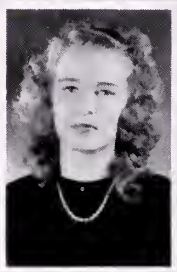
Joseph Richard Parker
Mildred Anne Pettus
Dorothy Ann Price
Mary Jane Spivey
Marianna Hobson Wyatt
Murray Lee Shapiro



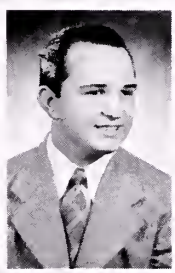


Preston Thomas Wilson
Emma Golde Buchanan
Nelda Lee Davis
Wilma Eldridge Lum
Elaine Ruth Triner
Richard Lumsden West





Lawrence Reames Barker
Virginia Dare Taylor
Cecil Nixon Spain
Mildred Jane Temple
Helen Townes Powers
Thomas Elma Clarke



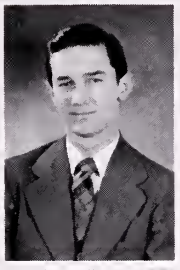
William Peterson Webb
Mary Carlton Wells
Audrey Vernelle Cheeley
Catherine Alice Savedge
Grace Louise Mann
Harvey Burns Baird, Jr.

Leon Vaughan Talmage
Ida Gertrude Bowery
Evelyn Annette Crowder
Annie Gunn
Edna Marjorie Davie
William Iverson Boswell Jr.

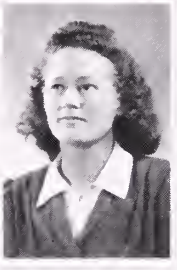
Calvin Lindberg Orcutt
Doris Elise Strickland
Mary Allene Beasley
Ella Elizabeth Dunbar
Jane Beckwith Barfield
Frank Edward Teass

P. H. S. 1944

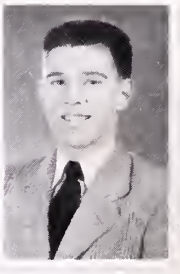
Everette Thomas Kitchen
Conway Dean Coleman



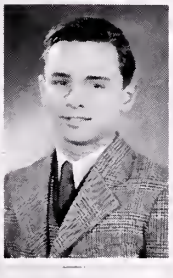
James Byron Freeman
Miriam Elizabeth Spain
Christine Lanier
Evelyn Marie Williams
Wilma Kathleen Kirkland
Thomas Jennings Goldston, Jr.



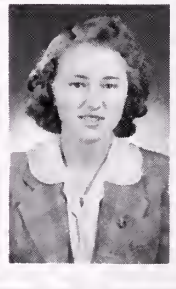
Joseph William Skalak
Mary Louise Jackson
Marian Page Sheffield
Lillian Marie Hill
Franklyn Harriet Kafka
Linwood Gray Tudor

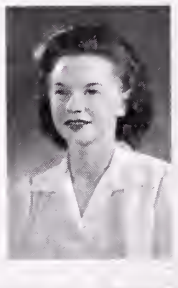
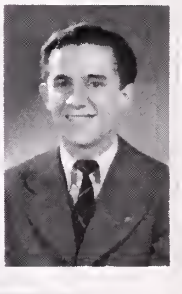


Harold Spotswood Butler
Elsie Mae Layne
Mary Ann Love
Frances Inez Howerton
Betty Roselyn Parrish
James Lawrence Dooley



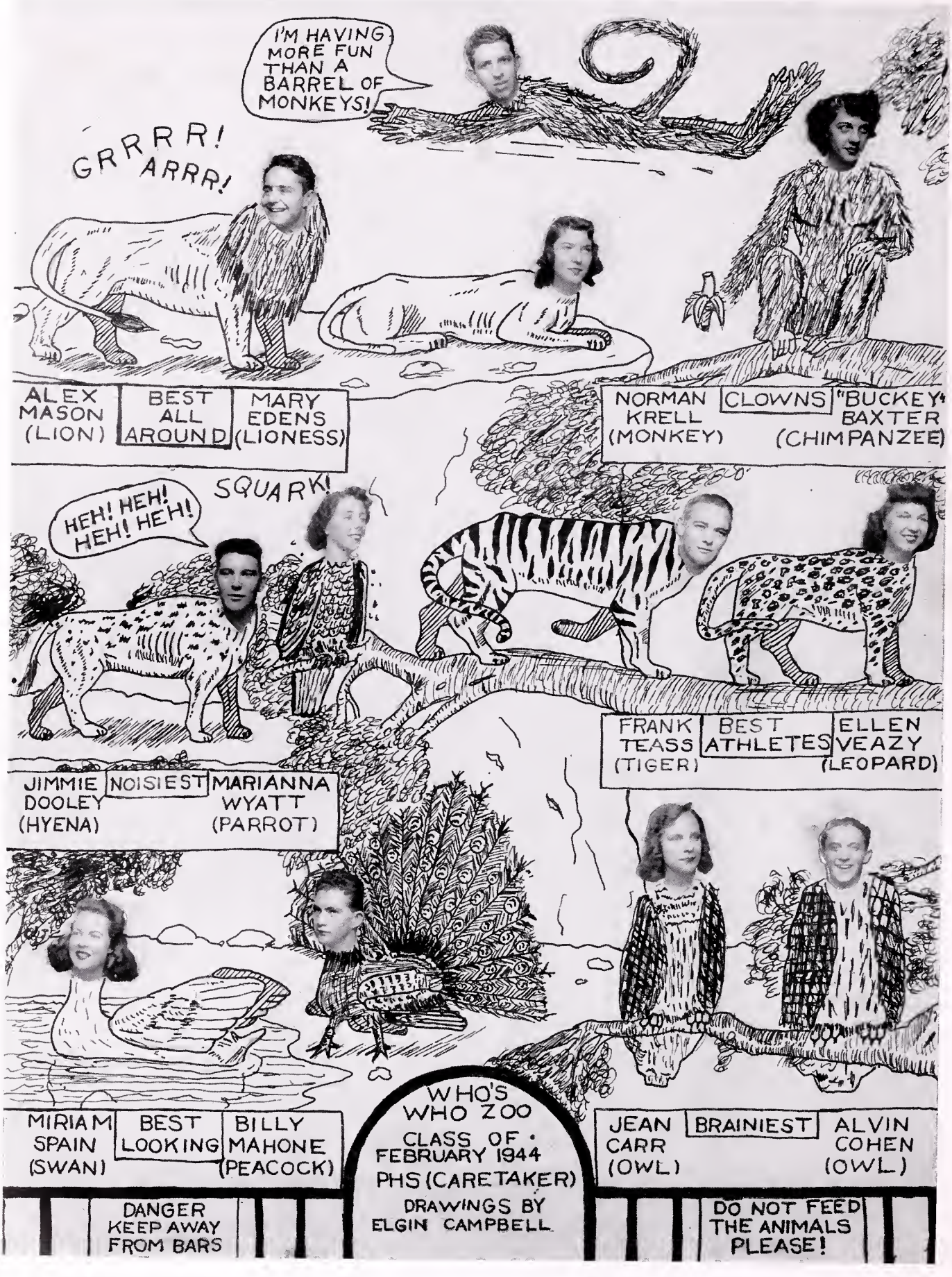
William Arthur Wightman, Jr.
Millicent Gray Young
Sara Elizabeth Biggs
Annabelle Styles
Jean Frances Carr
Albert Leonidas Matthews, Jr.



Gordon Deshler Shackleford
Olivia Marionette Shelley
Dorothy Thompson
Betty Jean Foster
Gladys Virginia Tudor
Alvin Cohen

William Preston Harper
Dorothy Jean Lynn
Edgar Rosser Bowery, Jr.
Marjorie Crocker
Marshall Leon Chapin


I'M HAVING MORE FUN THAN A BARREL OF MONKEYS!
GRRRR! ARRR!
ALEX MASON (LION)
BEST ALL AROUND
MARY EDENS (LIONESS)
NORMAN KRELL (MONKEY)
CLOWNS
"BUCKEY" BAXTER (CHIMPANZEE)
HEH! HEH! HEH! HEH!
SQUARK!
FRANK TEASS (TIGER)
BEST ATHLETES
ELLEN VEAZY (LEOPARD)
JIMMIE DOOLEY (HYENA)
NOISIEST
MARIANNA WYATT (PARROT)
MIRIAM SPAIN (SWAN)
BEST LOOKING
BILLY MAHONE (PEACOCK)
WHO'S WHO ZOO
CLASS OF FEBRUARY 1944
PHS (CARETAKER)
DRAWINGS BY ELGIN CAMPBELL
JEAN CARR (OWL)
BRAINIEST
ALVIN COHEN (OWL)
DANGER KEEP AWAY FROM BARS
DO NOT FEED THE ANIMALS PLEASE!

GERALDINE COLGIN
BEST ATHLETES
BUCK KITCHEN
JANE TEMPLE
BEST LOOKING
BILL GALALEE
EEEOWARAOOW!
WHERE'S TARZAN?
I'M FLOATING THROUGH THE AIR WITH THE GREATEST OF EEEASE
DID I HEAR A "WOLF"?
DID I HEAR A "VAMP"?
GREEK!
EIN-
STEIN
AUDREY CHEELEY
CLAIBORNE ANDREWS
GENIUSES
JIMMIE FREEMAN
MARY VIRGINIA WALSH
CLOWNS
GET YOUR TICKETS HERE, LADEES AND GENTLEMEN, FOR THE FUNNIEST FREAK SHOW EVER PUT ON!!
YA' CAN'T MISS IT!
PISTOL PACKIN' MAMA
HERBERT JONES
WHO'S WHO CIRCUS CLASS OF JUNE 1944
PHS (SPONSOR)
DRAWINGS BY ELGIN CAMPBELL
GEORGEANNE LEWIS
NOISIEST
BILL BOSWELL
JULIE ANDERSON
BEST ALL AROUND

Principal ..... Russell B. Gill
Assistant Principal ..... H. Augustus Miller, Jr.
Librarian ..... Julia F. Robinson
Secretary ..... Nina Clements

Front
Russell B. Gill

First Row
Julia F. Robinson
Frances Evans
Dorothy Harrington
Mae McIvor
Kathrine Jamison
Barbara Ford
Mrs. Allene Worsfold

Second Row
Nannie Cooper
Hazel Callahan
Mrs. Bernice Long
Catherine Jolly
Elizabeth Haley
Janie Lee Reynolds

Third Row
Mary T. Perkins
Laura Meredith
Mrs. Pauline C. Robertson
Mrs. Nancy S. Nelson
Mrs. Carter B. Williams

Fourth Row
Margaret Lewis
Roberta Pugh
Georgia Wood
Gladys E. Wilkinson
Nina Clements

Fifth Row
Lelia F. Huddle
Mrs. Mabel C. Rist
Bessie M. Hall
Frances I. Browning
Mrs. Harriet P. Wyche
Charlotte Gilliam

Sixth Row
H. Augustus Miller, Jr.
Warren D. Conrad
William W. Reade
Howard Freas
L. Murray Carr
Howard S. Holmes
I. B. Pittman
D. Pinckney Powers

Not in picture: Grace Herr, Ann VanLandingham, R. C. Day, Ed Motley, Ralph Stronach.

Missile Staff

Co-Editors ..... Julie Anderson - Mary Frances Herzog
Business Manager ..... Jane Eanes
Circulation Manager ..... Bobby Churn
Faculty Advisers ..... H. Augustus Miller, Jr.
William W. Reade
Bessie M. Hall

First Row
Nelda Lee Davis
Bobby Churn
Julie Anderson
Mary Frances Herzog
Jane Eanes
Wilma Lum

Second Row
Alvin Cohen
Thomas Neaves
Faith Davis
Shirley Sollod
Dorothy Strailman
Charlotte Scherr
Jean Carr
Marjorie Davie

Third Row
Bobby Baxter
Bobby Totty
Lawrence Spencer
Jimmy Dooley
Dolly Elliott
Selma Goldberg
Ann Moots
Irma Blacker

Fourth Row
Joe Kinsey
Ed Barksdale
Marietta Parks
Joyce Mann
Barbara Robinson
Sam Leys
Ellis Zuckerman
Carolyn Day
Christine Shepherd

Fifth Row
Elgin Campbell
Dorothy Mae Campbell
Mary Jane Spivey
Helen Powers

Sixth Row
H. Augustus Miller, Jr.
Bessie Hall
William W. Reade

Not in picture: Charles Sheffield, Ben Booth, Pat Coleman.

President (Fall) ..... Alex Mason
President (Spring) ..... Preston Hodges
Secretary-Treasurer ..... Bill Kellogg
Faculty Advisers ..... Miss Bessie M. Hall
Mr. Russell B. Gill

First Row
Bill Kellogg
Preston Hodges
Alex Mason

Second Row
Mr. Russell B. Gill
Dolores Watson
Mary Frances Herzog
Miss Bessie M. Hall

Third Row
Charlotte Harris
Bill Boswell
Billy Mahone
Nan Carter

Student Council

Band

President	David Payne
Student Director	Curtis Snead
Librarian	Delores Duck
Director	Mr. Ralph Stronach
Section Leaders	Preston Wilson
	James Freeman
	Frank Bryant
	Carolyn Hedrick
	Thomas Neaves
	John Howerton

Extreme Left
Mr. Ralph Stronach

Reading from front of row to back:

First Row
John Howerton
Curtis Snead
Carolyn Hedrick
David Payne
James Freeman
Frank Bryant
Sarah F. Powers
Betty Barfield
Jean Young

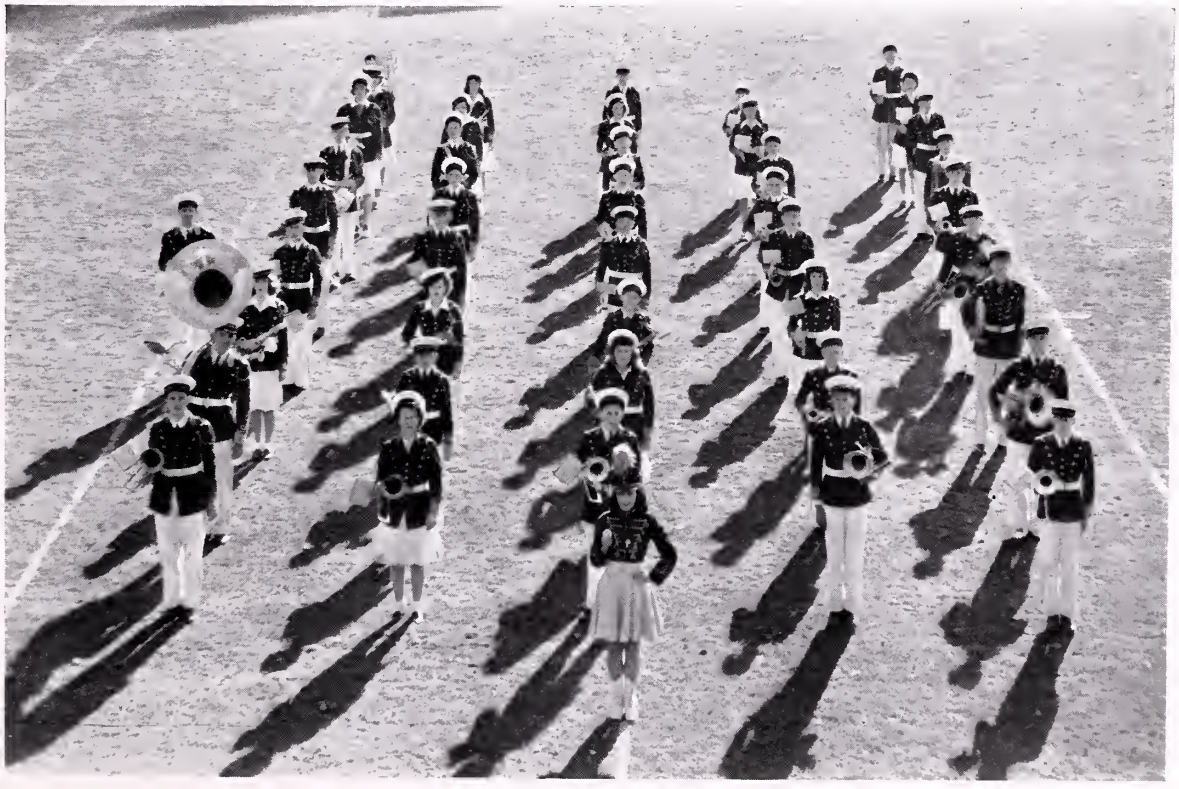
Second Row
Mary Hale
Jack Teass
Mabel Wilson
Ralph Clements
William Ellis
Richard Proctor
Shirley Belcher
Betty Jane Steger

Third Row
Jane Widdop
William Woolfolk
Henrietta Lanier
Donald Lea
John Costello
Jerry Bradley
Forrest Traylor
Alice Mayes
Hubert Shiner

Fourth Row
Rodney Perkins
Morris Brooks
Beverly Lewis
Harold Couch
Ralph Small
Lynton Goulder
Alice Johnson
Zane Traylor

Fifth Row
Joseph Lyman
Nelson Hinman
Thomas Neaves
Floyd Lee
George Mason
Ray Thacker
James Boyd
Delores Duck
Preston Wilson

Not in picture: Rex Sater, Grace Jones, Marion Sparks, James Smith, Allen Pirkle.



President ..... Curtis Snead
Secretary ..... Janet Waters
Treasurer ..... Gloria Melvin
Faculty Adviser ..... Miss Dorothy Harrington

First Row

Curtis Snead
Catherine Hughes
Betty J. Bentz
Selma Goldberg
Mary Bland Dunbar
Mary Jane Spivey
Gloria Melvin
Miss Dorothy Harrington
Janet Waters
Helen Hamm
Delores Duck
Jane Reade
Edlynn Welch
David Payne

Second Row

Grace Jones
Ellen Mosher
Dorothy Horak
Dolores Watson
Alice Johnson
Mary Pritchett
Betty Jane Steger
Helen Tate
Irma Blacker
Idell Wilensky
Preston Wilson

Third Row

Kenneth Graves
Faith Davis
Ann Lewis
Marie Bulifant
Peggy Wommack
Helen Powers
Martha Robinson
Ella Dunbar
Jean Brown
Frances Winstead
Lois Allen

Fourth Row

Jimmy Freeman
Margaret Ann Baxter
Evelyn Howerton
Fay Starling
Frances Moore
Jewel O'Farrell
Marjorie Davie
Jean Martin
Herbert Jones
Ellis Zuckerman

Fifth Row

Robert Dunbar
Sarah Powers
Emma Golde Buchanan
Dolly Elliott
Juanita Cottrell
Mary Frances Herzog
Dickie Zaruba
Johnny Howerton
Richard Spain

Sixth Row

Burksell Elmore
Rex Sater
Jimmy Dooley
Murray Shapiro
James Mason
Dick West
Frank Gill

Not in picture: Robert Anthony, Roslyn Brown, Dorothy Mae Campbell, Kathleen Cooper, Delores Duck, Thomas Goldston, Jr., Erma Titmus, Elaine Triner, Millicent Waymack, Kitty Baker, Emily Cunningham, Mason Cole, Jean Young, Eldred Elmore, and Ward Blankenship.

Dramatics Club

Glee Club

Director ..... Mr. Ralph Stronach

First Row
Anita Gee
Gloria Moore
Dolores Watson
Mary Bland Dunbar
Charlotte Saunders
Erma Titmus
Betty Jane Steger

Second Row
Gloria Melvin
Martha Robinson
Emmett Agee
Evelyn Howerton
Nancy Crumpler
Shirley Belcher

Third Row
Janet Waters
Mabel Wilson
Dolly Elliott
Margaret Whittle
Helen Powers
Doris Horner
Marjorie Johnson

Fourth Row
Sarah F. Powers
Anne Bonner
Charlotte Harris
Alice Johnson
Helen Hamm
Delores Duck
Preston Wilson
Mr. Ralph Stronach

Fifth Row
Mary Ann Miller
Carolyn Hedrick
Evelyn Eades
James Mason
Dickie Zaruba
Thomas Neaves
Dick West
David Payne

Sixth Row
Jimmy Freeman
Johnny Howerton
Eugene Tench
Richard Spain
Robert Dunbar
Preston Brinkley
Eugene Savedge
Curtis Snead
Franklin Gill

Not in picture: Jean Young, Frank Currin.

	Fall	*Spring*
President	Frank Teass	Oscar Wood
Vice-President		Everette Kitchen
Secretary-Treasurer	Joe Parker	Bernard Swann
Faculty Adviser	Mr. Ed Motley	

First Row

Everette Kitchen
Frank Teass
Joe Parker
Carl Pirkle

Second Row

Bernard Swann
Bobby Churn
Preston Harper
Randy Mallory

Third Row

Billy Mahone
Oscar Wood
Mr. Ed Motley
Frank Scott
Billy Rinker

Not in picture: Bill Gallalee, Clarence Hile, Bill Cash, Herbert Jones, Eugene Tench, Jimmy Vest, Dickie Zaruba, Bobby Skalak, Paul Webb, Sidney Cowles, Billy Ellis, Calvin Orcutt.

Boys' Monogram Club

President ..... Julie Anderson
Vice-President ..... Marietta Parks
Secretary-Treasurer ..... Anne Snead
Faculty Adviser ..... Miss Laura Meredith

First Row
Anne Snead
Julie Anderson
Marietta Parks

Second Row
Cecilia Grigg
Nelda Lee Davis
Preston Hodges
Claudia Smith

Third Row
Kathleen Lunsford
Margaret Whittle
Patsy Wilson
Mary Edens

Fourth Row
Miss Laura Meredith
Jacqueline Holmes
George Anne Lewis
Helen Powers

President	Ann Hubbard
Vice-President	Carolyn Day
Secretary	Anne Robinson
Treasurer	Barbara Pamplin
Faculty Adviser	Miss Barbara Ford

First Row

Anne Robinson
Ann Hubbard
Barbara Pamplin
Carolyn Day

Second Row

Miss Barbara Ford
Sara Biggs
Jewell Winstead
Jean Dunnavant
Henrietta Lanier

Third Row

Jean Beekhuis
Miriam Spain
Peggy Wommack
Mary Elsie Livengood

Fourth Row

Janet Mann
Jane Reade

Not in picture: Ellen Bristow, Blanche Collett, Laura Crostic.

O. G. Club

Goober Pep Club

President ..... TT Edmunds
Vice-President ..... Christine Shepherd
Secretary-Treasurer ..... Jane Eanes
Faculty Adviser ..... Miss Ann VanLandingham

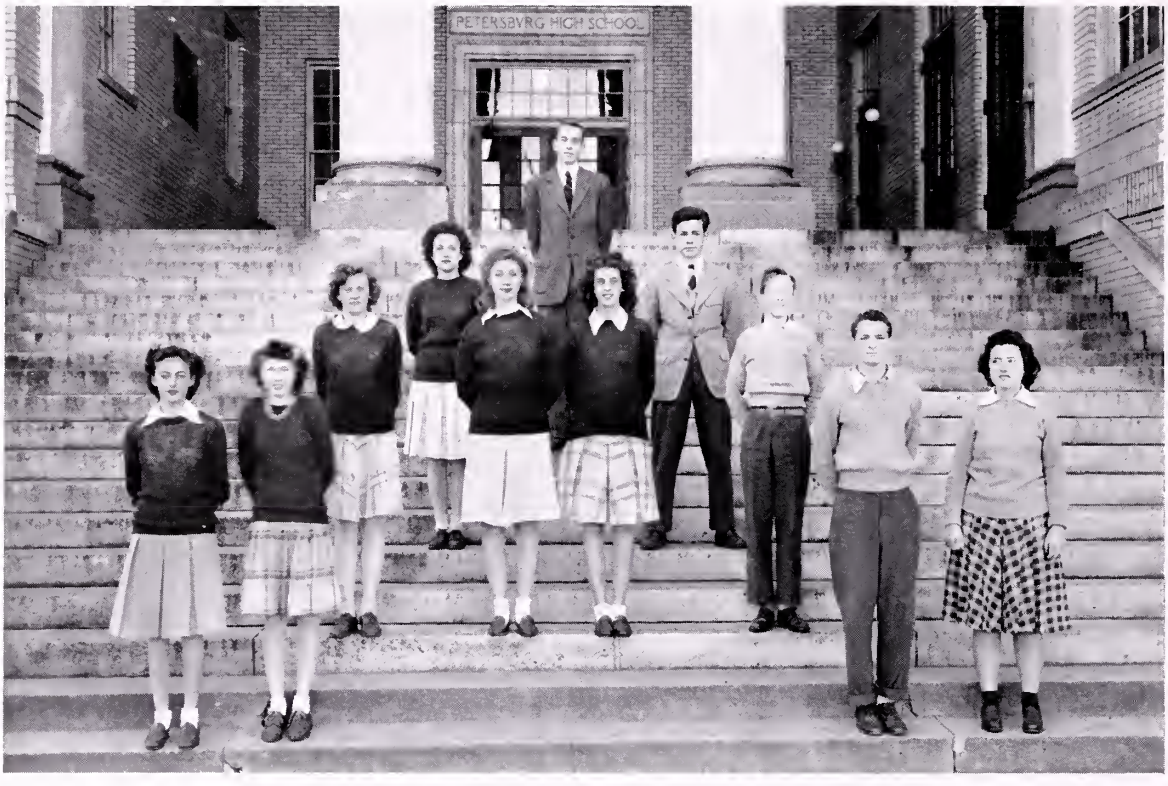
First Row
Christine Shepherd
TT Edmunds
Jane Eanes
Kathleen Kirkland

Second Row
Mary Clair Crowder
Faith Davis
Betty Snead
Margaret Ann Baxter
Ellen Veazey

Third Row
Jean Mahone
Caroline Brimer
Mary Lee Minnick
Mary Ann Miller

Fourth Row
Miss Ann VanLandingham
Jean Phibbs
Marilyn Geiselman
Violet Jeffers

Not in picture: Jane Temple, Hettie Jean Barton, Ann Rogers, Betsy Heath Seward, Martha Hinton, Carolyn Hedrick.



President ..... Bill Kellogg
Vice-President ..... Marjorie Davie
Secretary-Treasurer ..... Dolly Elliott
Faculty Adviser ..... Miss Catherine Jolly

Reading from left to right

Dolores Watson
Anne Bonner
Bettye Mervine
Mabel Wilson
Bill Kellogg
Herbert Jones
Ed Barksdale
Jack Males
Miss Catherine Jolly

Center, left to right

Dolly Elliott
Marjorie Davie

Miller-Daniel Society

President ..... Carl Pirkle
Vice-President ..... Nelda Lee Davis
Secretary-Treasurer ..... Nan Carter
Faculty Advisers..... Mrs. Carter B. Williams
Miss Ann VanLandingham

First Row
Anne Snead
Alex Mason
Claudia Smith

Second Row
Bobby Gould
Jean Shepherd
Mary Virginia Walsh
Patsy Wilson
Nelda Lee Davis
Dorothy Strailman
Preston Hodges

Third Row
Wilbert Keys
Marianna Wyatt
Ann Lewis
Barbara Pamplin
Sarah Seay
Marietta Parks
Carolyn Day
Carl Pirkle

Fourth Row
Bill Kellogg
Herbert Jones
Bobby Churn
Don Dietrich
Frank Scott
Nan Carter
Marilyn Geiselman

Fifth Row
Billy Ellis
Jimmy Jones
Ben Booth
Mrs. Carter B. Williams

Not in picture: Preston Harper, Julie Anderson, Edlynn Welch, Pat Coleman, Billy Mahone, Elise Strickland, George Anne Lewis, Jacqueline Holmes, Bill Gallalee, Emma Golde Buchanan, Marshall Ferrell, Mary Edens, Bill White, Martha Robinson, Jimmy Dooley, Preston Brinkley, Bill Boswell, TT Edmunds, Miss Ann VanLandingham.

President ..... Jane Eanes
Vice-President ..... Donald Hogwood
Secretary ..... Jean Beekhuis
Treasurer ..... Christine Shepherd
Faculty Adviser ..... Mrs. Nancy S. Nelson

First Row

James Smith
Betty Snead
Dick Zaruba
Paul Webb
Jean Mahone
Ellen Veazey
Caroline Bruner
Margaret Ann Baxter

Second Row

Bobby Baxter
Allen Pirkle
Cecilia Grigg
Ann Hubbard
Christine Shepherd
Mary Clair Crowder
Everette Kitchen
Henrietta Lanier

Third Row

Mrs. Nancy S. Nelson
Arlene Donavant
Anne Robinson
Adelia Williams
Beverly Lewis
Jewell Winstead
Bobby Skalak
Carolyn Hedrick
Violet Jeffers

Fourth Row

Jean Moran
Faith Davis
Jean Beekhuis
Mary Ann Miller
Mary Lee Minnick
Jean Phibb
Jane Eanes

Fifth Row

Donald Hogwood
Stuart Talbott
Billy Cash
Herbert Jones
Jimmy Dooley
Randy Mallory
Wesley Richardson
Mercer Melvin
Gordon Shackleford

Not in picture: Blanche Collett, Jane Temple, Joe Kinsey.

Monitor Captains

Head Monitor ..... Bill Cash
Faculty Adviser ..... Mr. Russell B. Gill

First Row

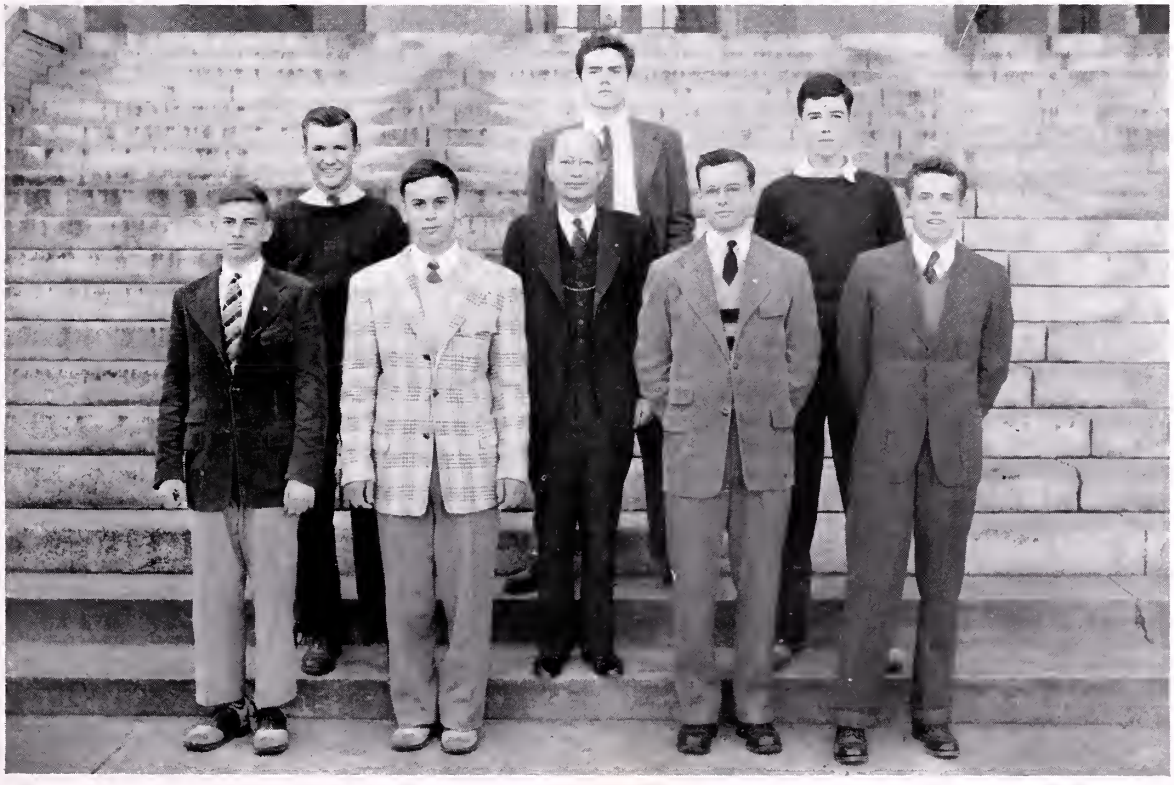
Joe Kinsey
Dickie Zaruba
Carl Pirkle
Walter Burge

Second Row

Bill Cash
Mr. Russell B. Gill
Bill White

Third Row

Bill Gallalee



Head Air Raid Warden ..... Ben Booth
Head Fire Guard ..... Billy Mahone
Faculty Adviser ..... Mr. H. Augustus Miller, Jr.

First Row
Ben Booth
Billy Mahone

Second Row
Bill Kellogg
Dickie Zaruba
Julie Anderson
Marshall Ferrell
Paul Webb
T T Edmunds
Mary Virginia Walsh
Ellen Veazey
Ann Hubbard
Carolyn Day
Jimmy Jones
Bill Gallalee

Third Row
Jimmy Blankenship
Allen Pirkle
Sarah Seay
Billy Rinker
Christine Shepherd
Charlotte Scherr
Carl Pirkle
Bobby Churn
Billy Cash
Herbert Jones

Fourth Row
Robert Mangum
Emmett Agee
Bill LaCroix
Patsy Wilson
Jane Eanes
Betty Snead
Margaret Whittle
Kathleen Lunsford
Barbara Robinson
Charles Fenderson
Frank Scott

Fifth Row
Bobby Gould
Preston Hodges
Janet Mann
Conway Coleman
Ben Smith
Horace Bill
Murray Shapiro
John Kinker

Sixth Row
Preston Harper
Joe Kinsey
Jimmy Vest
Pat Coleman
Don Dietrich
Mercer Melvin
Ellis Zuckerman
Alvin Cohen
Billy Wightman
Sam Leys

Seventh Row
Mr. H. Augustus Miller, Jr.
George Mason
James King
Randy Mallory
Curtis Snead
Bill Boswell
Joe Parker

Not in picture: Sadie Perkinson, Constance Harrison, Kessler Dotson, Oscar Wood, Dick Wright, Alex Mason, Sidney Cowles.

Air Raid Wardens and Fire Guards

War Stamp Committee

Chairman (Fall) ..... Mary Edens
Chairman (Spring) ..... Jane Eanes
Secretary ..... TT Edmunds
Treasurer ..... Betty Snead
Faculty Adviser ..... Mr. D. Pinckney Powers

First Row
Mary Edens

Second Row
Gloria Moore
Betty Snead
Preston Hodges
Jane Eanes
TT Edmunds
Dorothy Mae Campbell

Third Row
Herbert Jones
Anne Snead
Allen Pirkle
Joe Kinsey
Ben Booth
Mr. D. Pinckney Powers

Not in picture: Jean Young, Selma Goldberg, Elaine Triner, Gerald Browder, Randy Mallory.

	Fall Term	*Spring Term*
President	Joe Parker	Ben Booth
Vice-President	Alex Mason	Bobby Churn
Secretary	Ben Booth	Joe Kinsey
Treasurer	Bobby Churn	Carl Pirkle
Faculty Adviser		Mr. Ed Motley

Front
Mr. Ed Motley

First Row
Alex Mason
Joe Parker

Second Row
Bobby Churn
Ben Booth
Walter Burge

Third Row
Joe Kinsey
Mercer Melvin
Bill Gallalee
Carl Pirkle

Fourth Row
Dickie Zaruba
Don Dietrich
Frank Scott
Marshall Ferrell
Ben Smith

Fifth Row
Bobby Skalak
Preston Harper
Bernard Swann
Billy Mahone
Frank Teass
Pat Coleman

Sixth Row
Bill Boswell

Not in picture: Bobby Baxter, Allen Pirkle, Jack Woody, Billy Ellis, Donald Hogwood, Sidney Cowles, Jimmy Vest, Randy Mallory.

Hi-Y Club

Tri-Hi-Y Club

President	Mary Clair Crowder
Vice-President	Christine Shepherd
Sergeant-at-Arms	Jane Eanes
Secretary	Anne Snead
Treasurer	Nelda Lee Davis
Faculty Adviser	Miss Barbara Ford

Beginning at the bottom of the triangle and reading—clockwise:

Mary Clair Crowder
Christine Shepherd
Jane Eanes
Julie Anderson
Faith Davis
Margaret Whittle
Mary Edens
Ann Lewis
Kathleen Lunsford
Barbara Pamplin
Jacqueline Holmes
George Anne Lewis
Sarah Seay
Marietta Parks
Bobby Gould
TT Edmunds
Nelda Lee Davis
Anne Snead

Far right
Miss Barbara Ford

Not in picture: Claudia Smith, Mabel Wilson.

Head Cheer Leader ..... Bill Boswell
Faculty Adviser ..... Miss Ann VanLandingham

Beginning at the bottom of the P and reading clockwise:

TT Edmunds
Ellen Veazey
Mary Virginia Walsh
Jean Shepherd
Mary Clair Crowder
Jean Mahone
Jimmy Dooley
Christine Shepherd
Margaret Ann Baxter
Joe Parker
Jacqueline Holmes
Mercer Melvin
George Anne Lewis

Extreme left
Miss Ann VanLandingham

Extreme right
Bill Boswell

Cheer Leaders

Football Team

Captain ..... Oscar Wood
Coach ..... Roland C. Day

First Row

Bill Cash
Jimmy Vest
Carl Pirkle
Alex Mason
Bill Gallalee
Oscar Wood
Dick Wright
Bobby Skalak
Clarence Hile
Everette Kitchen
Randy Mallory

Second Row

George Jones
Don Dietrich
James Wahlhueter
Eugene Tench
Bobby Churn
Frank Scott
Dickie Zaruba
Wesley Richardson
Preston Brinkley
Donald Jacobs
Walter Burge
Billy Rinker

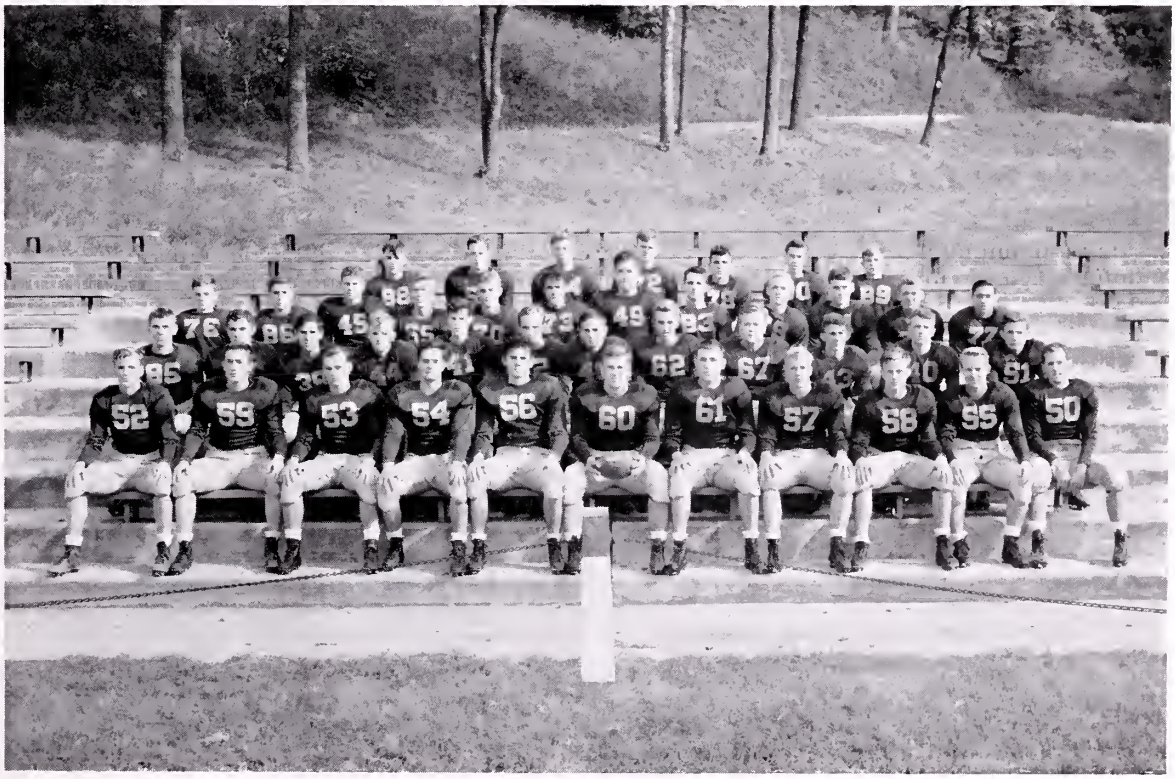
Third Row

Allen Pirkle
Edwin Williams
Ben Smith
Claiborne Cummins
Paul Webb
Tommy Edwards
Sidney Cowles
Preston Andrews
Carl Peters
Jack Woody
Jack Males
Herbert Wall

Fourth Row

Barkley Walthall
Anderson Johnson
Jimmy Jones
James Smith
Howard Parrish
Bill Eudaily
Joe Kinsey

Not in picture: Frank Teass, Clarence Cowles.



Captain ..... Joe Parker
Manager ..... Bernard Swann
Coach ..... Roland C. Day

First Row

Bobby Churn
Paul Webb
Joe Parker
Frank Scott
Randy Mallory

Second Row

Walter Burge
Oscar Wood
Sidney Cowles
Preston Harper
Billy Ellis

Not in picture: Calvin Orcutt, Herbert Jones, Joe Kinsey.

Boys' Basketball Team

Girls' Hockey Team

Co-Captains ..... Linda Davis, Geraldine Colgin
Manager ..... Marion Sparks
Coah ..... Miss Ann VanLandingham

First Row	*Second Row*
Barbara Pamplin	Miss Ann VanLandingham
Jean Beekhuis	Patsy Wilson
Nan Jones	Jewel O'Farrell
Henrietta Lanier	Alice Barrett
Linda Davis	Elizabeth Sirles
Claudia Smith	Elizabeth Ferguson
Preston Hodges	Hazel Whichard
Shirley Bristow	Marietta Parks
Cecelia Grigg	Dolly Elliott
Bobby Gould	Marion Sparks

Not in picture: Geraldine Colgin, Sarah Seay, Jane Eanes.

Captain ..... Geraldine Colgin
Manager ..... Marion Sparks
Coach ..... Miss Ann VanLandingham

First Row

Barbara Pamplin
George Anne Lewis
Geraldine Colgin
Linda Davis
Jane Eanes

Second Row

Bobby Gould
Irma Blacker
Dolly Elliott
Marietta Parks
Christine Shepherd

Third Row

Marion Sparks
Dolores Watson
Helen Lingerfelt
Preston Hodges
Mary Bland Dunbar
Henrietta Lanier
Miss Ann VanLandingham

Girls' Basketball Team

Autographs

The Return

By Ed. Barksdale

A U. S. Army Sergeant, Pietro Alessandro, of the A. M. G., and known among his comrades as Peter Alexander, sat in a jeep, one of a procession of war vehicles stretching in an interminable serpentine line into the distance. The day was September 3, 1943, the day of the Allied entry into Naples. The time was before dawn. The Sergeant, to be stationed at Naples as an interpreter of the Italian language and customs, looked upon the scene of noise and confusion which accompanies a modern Army and upon the multi-colored patchwork of the Italian country-side—the Italians still employed the "latifundia" system of farming—dimly revealed in the light of the moon as divisions of fields stenciled dark against the flat whiteness of the moonlit land.

Had his companions, also of the A. M. G., not been so involved in their own thoughts, they would have noted that the Sergeant was extremely silent and meditative. Not since passing Annunziata had he uttered a word. He was deeply lost in a reverie, which neither the jarring of the jeep on the irregular Italian road, nor the blast of the guns, nor the deep-throated roar of the bombs, nor the

disturbing staccato of machine guns could dispel. The exquisite panorama of the Neapolitan Riveria, Virgil's storied shore: the ruins of the past to which were added the ruins of the present and those rocky promontories bathed by the lapis-lazuli waters of the bay, all those served only as knobs on which to hang his reveries on his past life: the twelve years of his childhood spent in Naples with his mother, father and brother Luigi, who was ten years younger than he, and the fourteen years spent in New York in his uncle's care. That was why, to this Sergeant, ostensibly just another soldier in the vast anonymity of an army, the entry of Naples was an event of unusual importance. By an odd trick of fortune he was returning to Naples, the place of his birth, as a victor in its hour of defeat. Yet what he chose to call his homecoming held a more subtle significance of which he was not yet aware. Although he loved America with a passion that only foreigners could know, had taken out his first citizenship papers, and had professed allegiance to America—a secretly qualified allegiance, however—he was bound to Italy by a tie that seemingly could not be severed: his Italian parentage and a heritage, not material or even easily discerned, but which existed long before his emergence into the world. It was the tie to the past. There was another tie made by a more subtle power which super-imposed upon the pattern of his life another pattern. The design was bewildering, ill-fated, complicated; and the pattern must be unravelled to make the threads of his destiny discernible and the purpose of his life comprehensible. For in the segment of time when, at the age of twelve, he was entrusted to the care of his uncle and left the city of his parents to come to the New World, each thing he did, each word he spoke, each thought he thought committed him irrevocably to a bond. He had lent something of his own personality to Western civilization, and it helped mold him. Could these fourteen years be wrapped in a syncope of time hidden away to be forgotten? Are we who are a composite if not integrated product of heredity and environment able to jettison a part of our personality, like one who casts off a shoe, either ill-fitting, or ill-becoming, or which has outlived its usefulness? Hardly not.

Occasionally fragments of the Italian Army were passed. They were disorganized bands, not disciplined forces. The men wore long, dirty beards, overgrown mustachios, and the tattered remains of once dashing uniforms; they advanced listlessly, leaderless, without a flag; they were legions of irregulars, nondescript soldiers, the pitiful remnant of a division of the illustrious "Il Duce." Although they actually knew not that they were the victors or the defeated, or that they were to join the Allied forces, they felt bewildered, irresolute and quite defeated. The enthusiasm of the younger soldiers was dampered by the indecision and abject air of their older comrades-in-arms. Suddenly it occurred to Sergeant Alessandro that these soldiers who looked like banditti were his countrymen. The realization struck him, and plunged him deeper into his thoughts.

The long line of Army vehicles now passed under the brooding shadow of

Vesuvius, that temperamental, melancholy, irritable volcano, whose inner regions are often disturbed by a persistent, malicious, divine dyspepsia which causes the belching of asphyxiating gases and sulphurous vapors, and the disgorging of hot volcanic ash, accompanied by the most excruciating pangs of pain, roars of discomfort, and subterranean sighs. From Vesuvius's fiery throat to its hot lips rise a perpetual rumbling murmur of disapprobation of man's antics, which intermittently mounts into such a towering rage that its infernal furnaces, being overworked, burst and blow off Vesuvius's head.

As the Sergeant passed by the relics of antiquity in classical sequence in his jeep, he was not unaware of the savor of the circumstances which had placed this machine of war and product of the industrial age among the stately ruins, every stone of which was a chronicle and every flowered vine that intertwined among the imposing remains of old seigneurial edifices; arches, basilicas, temples, sumptuous Lucullian villas, all imbued with the sublimity and majesty that characterized the work of the Ancients, were rooted in some of the most contested and cherished soil on the earth.

His senses were overwhelmed by the beauty of the scene. Fourteen years had elapsed since he had last been here. Each moss-covered half-buried stone was so pregnant with tales untold, so heavy with veiled mysteries, that it seemed to communicate to him, by some strange intercourse between man and matter, intimations of the sorrows it had seen. These stones on which the light of civilization had shone so long as to cause it to shine with an effulgence of its own spoke with an eloquent silence. The Sergeant felt more keenly the pathos of what has passed into the realm of what has been.

They had passed Torre del Greco, and were now approaching Naples. Because of the quickening confusion and preparation, he awoke from his reveries. The realization that at last he was returning to Naples after an absence of nearly fourteen years suddenly swept over him. He would be able to see his mother, and father, and young brother Luigi, who would be nearly seventeen now. The procession of jeeps had reached the outskirts of Naples; the line halted; there was confusion up front. Far in the distance could be seen groups of Italians waving caps and kerchiefs at the Americans. Occasionally, the steady sea breeze which blew out from the bay carried the noise to them. The Sergeant, peremptorily pulled out from his dreams, endeavored to take in the situation. But all those mixed emotions assumed an inexpressible form, that of a knot in his throat. The traffic congestion cleared, the jeeps in increasing confusion, heightened by shouts of Italians, swept on, a khaki-colored stream past the food factories of the suburbs into a main thoroughhfare, the Via Partenope. The Neapolitans, delirous in joy, greeted them with wild cheers, applause, and shouts of "Viva le Presidente Roosevelt." With happy smiles they danced, jumped, and pelted the jeeps with coxcombs, bougainvilles, flowers, fruits, grapes, anything, until the ugly jeep looked like a fantastic float at a Mardi Gras. Swarms of the

citizens clambered over the vehicles, embracing and kissing them. The city, however, had not entirely been relieved of the German menace, for they from the roofs of the houses, from the doorways of which the Neapolitans threw bouquets of flowers, threw bouquets of a more deadly kind. Occasionally explosions rocked the city. That served only to heighten the hysterical joy of the inhabitants at being freed. The picture of this swaying back and forth of the joyous crowds bedecked with colored kerchiefs and caps seemed like the undulations of a sea sprinkled with flowers. But like the sea swelling forward, breaking on the shore, the tide receded. The soldiers dispersed the crowds since there were yet Germans in the city, snipers, and those left in the evacuation to complete the destruction of depots, installations, communications, and harbor facilities. In spite of the damage to the harbor, Italy's greatest port would be made usable in eight days. There was also the fear that the Germans had planted mines and time bombs in the public buildings. The troops began to dismantle the Fascist trappings and ensigns not torn down by the populace. Fascism, as the A. M. G. well knew, must be purged completely from Italian politics. This was Sergeant Pietro Alessandro's job. He must help in his way, deliver his home land from its distress, and restore its shattered prestige. He knew it would take time, patience and work. For the next three days he would not be able to search out his home because he would be occupied with translating, explaining, guiding, interpreting.

At certain intervals along the piazzos, boulevards, vias, and vicolos were gathered knots of inhabitants, each holding a pail, bowl, bottle, dipper, or cap, anything capable of carrying water. He was horrified to discover that these people, since the aqueduct had been destroyed, had been without water for days, and were now draining the sewers! The people—there were no young men among them—were clothed in tattered, ill-fitting attire. Their shoes were scarcely shoes at all, only brown paper and wood. Some had no shoes. They wore filthy rags which they wearily leaned down to adjust. They were clustered around the sewer opening quibbling while their children stood holding cups and crying. What a change from the two hours before! War was like that, he thought. Naples had passed from the command of one occupational army to that of another. Yet Naples in war was not totally at war. The barbers had resumed their occupation of cutting people's hair, and the street cleaners were clearing away the debris of war and the effects of the subsequent rejoicing.

The days spent in translating communiques and issues into Italian, translating the pleas, petitions and demands of the Italians into the clipped, cryptic army parlance, receiving dispatches, recording important conversations, and interpreting in A. M. G. courts, passed quickly. Now on the third day Sergeant Allesandro found himself free from duties. Having obtained permission to go into restricted areas, he began walking after nightfall. From where he was standing in the Piazzo del Plebiscito he could barely discern the hill Sant' Elmo, painted almost imperceptibly in the chiaroscuro tones of night, because the city was completely

blacked out. Somewhere among the congested, over-populated houses on Sant' Elmo was his home. He turned his step into the Piazzo San Fernando and walked past the west exit of the Galleria Umberto Primo into the Via Roma, Naples' main street. He walked past the massive Palazzo Maddaloni, and the church of Spirito Santo, past the stately shadows of these buildings so well known in his childhood until he almost reached the Piazzo Dante, from whence leads the Via Tribunali, famed as Naples' dirtiest street. He turned into the "vico" or cross street, Via Tarsia, and standing there saw the immense form of Castello Sant' Elmo, the Medieval fortress situated on the summit of Sant' Elmo. Apprehensive, his heart in his throat, he turned again into a labyrinth of narrow lanes, or "vicolos." After cutting off into a certain "calata" and mounting the "rampe", he would reach a small court. His home would be one of the houses facing the pump in the center of the court. He began to run and leapt the cobblestone steps. Around the next corner was his home. His parents and his brother Luigi would be asleep on their straw palettes. Here it was. Yes, here was the old pump—the houses had no running water—and there was his home! Its yellow tuffe wall was pale white in the increasing moonlight. He paused, breathless, more from a gnawing expectation than from physical exertion. He strode over to the door. The only noises that disturbed the quiet were the footsteps and his beating heart. He disappeared into the dark shadow of the doorway. He tried the door, wishing to surprise the family. Locked! He knocked. After several minutes during which he counted the pulsations of the blood coursing through his brain, he beat upon the door. He heard a stir within. Then footsteps. The door opened, cautiously, and to his surprise the woman's head that put itself forward was not his mother's. The woman, startled at seeing a soldier of the U. S. Army before the door, asked, "What do you want?"

He replied politely, "Don't the Alessandros live here?"

"The Alessandros don't live here, no." She reflected a moment. Then she said, "They used to live here, but that was sometime ago—three years, I think. Do you want the address?"

"Yes."

She shut the door and conversed in low tones with a man, her husband, inside.

It was the husband who now appeared at the door. The light of the moon revealed his face. It was old and deeply furrowed by wrinkles. He spoke. The voice was like the face, old and cracked. "I will tell you where the Alessandros live." He gave the Sergeant directions to which he listened intently. The door was shut.

He stood thoughtful. He felt slighted. He was piqued by this little trick of fate. He allowed the thought to present itself: "Perhaps this little shortcoming of fortune is a presage of more to come." He began to fear for the safety of his parents. He thought there was a kind of communication between mind and a

truth of which nothing is known, that assumes the form of foreboding disguised in the motley attire of irrevelant events. He allowed the thought, and it overwhelmed him; he could not dismiss it, so he stiffled it.

He brought his attention to the directions given him and slowly, deliberately followed them. He found himself in front of a house, not unlike the previous one. He went through the same agony of knocking upon the door and receiving no answer. Then he brusquely demanded of the door or whoever was behind it, "Is anyone home?" Silence. He checked his instructions. Each time he arrived at the same conclusion: that this was the place. The old man had been quite sure of himself. He tried the door and finding it locked, forced it. After several blows the rotten wood around the lock gave way. He entered, then becoming accustomed to the blackness, inspected the three rooms of which the apartment consisted. It was divested of all blankets and valuables. Then he made a happy discovery. In a corner was an old, heavy, iron-bound trunk of his mother. Then this was his home! He drank deep of the realization and laughed at the circumstances of his homecoming. But there remained the sober fact that his family was not here. He thought feverishly and in vain. He sat in a chair. It suddenly occurred to him (it was more of a fabrication of his own than a discovery) that among the Neapolitans who evacuated the city were his parents. That explained the absence of valuables and blankets. The Allied High Command had ordered the Italians hidden in the hills to return to the cities and had provided transportation for those going to Naples. Being of the A. M. G. he knew that a consignment of the Neapolitans would arrive that night. He glanced at his watch. Ten thirty. They had arrived nearly an hour ago. His parents and his brother, whom he had not seen for fourteen years, would arrive in a few minutes. He waited, tense with expectation. Meanwhile he reviewed somewhat hysterically the twenty-six years of his life. His mind pictured his mother, father, and Luigi as they had looked twelve years ago and endeavored to imagine them as they might look now.

He heard a noise at the door, like a rat. He heard irregular footsteps. He didn't move. The tenseness of the moment, he thought, was like hell.

The shape of a man appeared in the dim light. No, it was a boy. A boy of about seventeen. Could this be Luigi? Could this be Luigi, his brother? The boy stumbled in, faltered, collapsed into a chair. A shaft of light from a rift in the lattice fell upon his face. He thought it looked remarkably like his own. But it was tired, worn, dirty, and covered with several days' perspiration.

"Luigi," he said. The boy started. "Luigi, I am your brother, Pietro, remember? Look at me. I am in the United States Army now. It has been a long time. Luigi, where is our mother and father? Are they safe? About you, are you hurt?"

The boy rose, seized his caller, searched his face intently. "Pietro," he said with much feeling and sank again into the chair. He put his head on the table.

"Pietro," he said brokenly—he was sobbing—"mother and father—dead—they died by a German bomb; they were instantly killed." He stopped and looked at his brother.

Although Pietro feared it he dared not believe it. He was horribly shocked, he was overcome, convulsed, not with sobs, but with something far worse. He sat beside his brother and they sat in silence. He dedicated the moment to the memory of his parents.

Pietro rose, secured some water and found some wine in the cabinet. With the water he washed Luigi's face; with the wine he refreshed him. When this was done they both sat down on the couch.

In Pietro's mind there rose many questions: had the last twelve years been good to them, how were they affected by the war, what did they look like, how did they meet their death? He refrained. He did not wish to profane the moment by questions—questions of the past. This one blow which had killed his parents had shattered the tie with the past. Fate had solved his dilemma. What was at once a violent, sorrowful, severing of the tie to the old world was the completion of his union with the new. What was a disastrous intervention of fate was at once a providential turn of fortune. He would fulfill his filial obligation to his parents by assuming responsibility for the bringing up and education of his brother, leaving him here at Naples until after the war, when they both would return to America. The reason for his remaining in the land of his fathers had been buried forever beneath the volcanic soil of Italy.

They passed the night in silence and thought. It was approaching five o'clock. Sergeant Pietro Alessandro must return to his post.

A Sprig of Rue

By Wilma Lum

Terror

In the clinging, creeping ivy I see the terror
Forever clutching with ruthless fingers my brain,
And crawling up the stones of the wall of my mind,
In my body's last fortress always attempting to reign.

And tho' torn at last from the stronghold of my soul,
In some dark corner it merely waits and hides
And gathers back its strength; while thinking I'm free,
I gaily play as wisely its time it bides.

The ivy will always spring again from the earth
Unless it is constantly cut by gleaming shears.
The terror leaps from my wild imagination,
And with but one weapon, laughter, I fight my fears.

The Lonesome Wind

The winter wind as it wails at night
Has such a lonely, desolate sound,
And it moans as it mourns lost leaves so bright
And weeps in the dark of a silence profound.

So it calls with a loud but lonely cry
For the joyful noises now fled from the land,
With wintry blasts roars 'cross the sky,
And bends all the trees with its mighty hand.

But Spring's soft breeze again returns
And brings with it all the noises gay,
And dancing amid new leaflets and ferns,
It joyfully sings with the maiden, May.

Dark Night of Grief

How dark the night upon the earth is falling
As beneath the far horizon sinks the sun;
So sorrow from my soul all joy has taken,
And within my heart the happy day is done.
In my life I can expect no lovely dawning.
Eternal night in my lonesome heart has begun.

So young to die, had he no right to live
And walk amid not bullets but gentle rain?
Love! Life! My only guiding star!
Before you always helped me bear my pain,
But reason must be wed to blind despair,
And teach her how to live and work again.

Now must I do alone the work we'd planned
And daily strive with heaven's help to be brave.
Am I not strong enough to guard the flame,
The precious flame, he gave his all to save?
For unworthy of his sacrifice I'll be
Till at last he quietly rests in his hidden grave.

Etiquette vs. Mr. Wrigley

By Emma G. Buchanan

IF I could do any serious thinking on the subject (and I'm sure I couldn't, because the subject itself is so weak) I would ask myself why human beings go to such extremes. We do everything in the book to appear just so; then we make the useless, but necessary, habit of disillusioning all impressions. The first and foremost thing is chewing gum.

Those who have widened the scope of thinking for us tell us that we are the highest form of animal life, descended from the monkey. Imagine someone standing by a cow, and at the same time trying to believe that human beings descended from monkeys. In spite of anything I might say on the subject, seventy-five per cent of the human race would continue to chew gum. Personally, I choose to spend my extra energy running sand through a sifter.

At this time when chewing gum is becoming scarcer, the obviousness of increasing illiteracy begins to grow plainer. It has risen to such a degree that I expect to hear someone say, "They're giving away one-hundred dollar bills up the street, but I have to buy a pack of gum first."

How human beings try to appear so very cultured, but it's quite a reflection on our efforts when the beginning of the program of the New York Philharmonic Symphony is preceded by something like, "Chew Dentyne, Chew Dentyne." Mrs. I. M. Society, sitting by her radio, adjusts her lorgnette, and (lo, and behold) chews a little harder.

Some people should be commended for their ability in "cracking" chewing gum. It's very soothing; just as soothing, in fact, as the grinding of a dentist's drill. It is appropriately compared with a dentist's drill, because it takes so much drug to deaden the sound.

When I see a distinguished person chewing gum, a scene something like this vividly portrays itself on my mind. "Now, Belinda, remember this is to be a very important reception. We're entertaining the highest of society tonight. Don't forget the Spanish lace tablecloth, the Spade dinnerware, and the order from the florist. Oh, Belinda, please don't forget to place the gum on the tray of hors d'ouvres." The hostess might have added that the guests would find toothpicks in the kitchen.

These thoughts would conclude my period of thoughtful study on the human race and chewing gum. I would conclude that man "eats up" culture, gazing at it with open-mouthed astonishment—an open mouth that holds inside it a tasteless wad of gum.

Communique No. 679

By Julie Anderson

THE turbulent, gray sea rolled and tossed, causing the heavy cruiser to roll and toss also as if it were a toy boat instead of His Majesty's Ship "Johnston."

This realization suddenly struck her captain as he paced the bridge, his cold, grey eyes matching the sea which they searched so diligently. As he contemplated the comparison of the fighting ship to a toy boat, Captain Hawkins found his mind reverting to a day four weeks prior . . . . . Captain O. H. Hawkins of the Royal Navy stepped from the taxi and mentally shook himself before crossing the sidewalk and entering the large, brick building before him. It always gave him a shock to realize that in this one building the safety of the life of a nation was planned.

A few moments later, standing before the gathered members of the British Admiralty, he was hearing outlined one of the seemingly most fantastic ideas imaginable. Some of the greatest men in English sea life were seated before him, and, as the outline grew and sank into his mind, he began vividly to visualize his duties.

At last the group rose, and as they did so, Captain Hawkins saluted and turned on his heel . . . .

Finding himself almost in the act of saluting, the captain turned to his first officer, his face scarcely discernible in the early morning mist, and inquired if the latest readings of their position had been brought to the bridge. The young fellow stepped forward with the sheaf of papers in his hand and saluted smartly. Glancing at the report, Captain Hawkins gave his orders, "Full speed ahead."

The young officer was grave and the grey-eyed man left alone on the bridge, strained his eyes in hopes of sighting his objective . . . . Three weeks, long to Captain Hawkins, were a continual hum of activity. Following his conference with the Admiralty, the "Johnston" was gone over with a fine-tooth comb, so to speak. And as the captain watched her sleek lines being groomed to even

greater perfection, his pride in his ship and men sometimes almost overwhelmed him. He never lost sight of the task which had been set before him and his ship.

In accordance with his orders subtle rumors began to be dropped in pubs, where the laborers of England are most likely to gather; in nightclubs, where the elite of the country came together; on the streets, where enemy ears were most likely to be reached. And many of those enemy ears heard, "The 'Johnston' is being groomed for a big mission. You know, I can't say what. Well—this much then—a conference in the Atlantic."

How careless the British seemed, but as Captain Hawkins watched the job nearing completion, he felt that all was going well.

Then at last the morning of January 5 dawned cold and gray. Out of port slipped the "Johnston" with all the appearances of attempting to be secretive. Now two days later Captain Hawkins was nearing the fulfillment of his mission.

The rigid officer was suddenly startled by the shout of a seaman racing toward the bridge.

"We've sighted 'er, sir!"

"Good, order all hands to battle stations!"

Whereas a moment before the "Johnston" had been only a large ship slipping through the waves, it now became a formidable fortress with hundreds of smaller, human fortresses—for the British tar has always been that—racing over her decks.

The steel-eyed watcher on the deck was now the fighting commander, and as the first crash of a torpedo shook the "Johnston," his heart rose within him, strange as it may seem.

The deadly clash was a short-lived one. Three Nazi submarines were a match for even the dauntless "Johnston."

Almost as her hull was slipping beneath the water, the radio message was flashed back to England: "Successful. We are sinking."

The communique issued by the Admiralty said simply that the "Johnston" had been lost, but now the Allied world adds that she helped make history. For even as the waters of the Atlantic closed over the gallant ship and her crew, the leaders of Great Britain and the United States were sitting in safety in Casablanca, North Africa.

The world-shaking conference was made possible because the "Johnston" had successfully completed her job of decoying the Germans to the middle of the Atlantic Ocean and off the trail of the true meeting-place of the conference.

The Teapot's Fury

By Nelda Lee Davis

Over the fire the teapot gleams
As rumbling, mumbling hotter it grows;
And so with murmurs and hisses it steams
And forth from its spout a vapor flows;
And there inside are many hushes
As in whirling whisps the steam then gushes
And faster, faster, faster rushes.

The turbulent water no longer rumbles
But roars and races and gurgles loud.
With a mighty bubble the top now tumbles
And steam roars forth in a blinding cloud;
But, when removed from the fire, it's tame
Just like the anger which overcame
Man's mind, but quickly passed--a shame!

For our passions and fury are strong while they last,
And the rage and storm seem never to cease;
But 'tis not long ere all will have past
And as before we're again at peace.
If only at that time we knew
(And those who do are very few)
How to keep our senses, too.

Beside The Brook

By MARJORIE DAVIE

Little bubbling, tumbling brooklet,
Take me back to by-gone years;
Pushing, rippling through the woodlet,
Hesitate, and catch my tears.

Sat we as children on your edge,
Our stockings hung on nearby hedge.

On you run into the river
Where we spent such happy days;
Near your banks, parked painted fliver;
Oh, gay, and young and carefree ways!

Here we swam in sunny June
And pledged our love beneath the moon.

Now you flow into the ocean;
Convoys ride upon your crests;
On one ship rides my devotion;
In one soldier's heart it rests.

Tell him, "Close your eyes and look
Beneath the trees beside the brook."

Tropical Interlude

By William Kellogg

IN AUGUST, 1934, my family and I sailed for Puerto Rico. My father, a Captain in the United States Army, was to be stationed for two years at the old Spanish Fort of El Morro.

We arrived in the early morning as the gray mist was beginning to rise off the ocean. It was like a curtain going up on a new play. The scene revealed to us was of a lovely tropical island with its mountain peaks and palm-fringed beaches. When we landed, we drove through the narrow, winding, cobblestoned streets lined with the old Spanish type houses built flush with the pavement with small gardens in the rear. Everywhere there seemed to be dirt and squalor and unfamiliar odors, for we were passing through the oldest and poorest part of the city. We passed the ancient cathedral where Ponce de Leon was buried and rode on up the hill and at last came to the Post of San Juan with its green lawn and modern buildings, but even here the old Fort with its moss-covered stone walls and turreted sentry boxes dominated the scene.

Our house had thick cement walls and a flat roof for protection against hurricanes, which are a constant threat in the tropics. One is immediately cautioned that one must be prepared at all times for such an emergency. The warning that a hurricane is headed your way is given out by the weather bureau about twenty-four hours before it is expected. From then on excitement reigns. One must begin to close the windows with shutters that have to be wired together, to take rugs off the floors in case some water blows in, to get in food and to store drinking water and charcoal for fires should the gas and water mains break. When the hurricane arrives, one settles down, listening to the howling wind and the pounding rain, which seems to be coming down almost horizontally, hoping

his roof won't come off or one of his windows blow in or some other misfortune befall him.

Except for the hurricanes the climate is lovely. The temperature rarely gets below 62 degrees or above 92 degrees. This makes all types of summer sports enjoyable the year round. Ocean swimming is impossible, for sharks and barracudas come in much too close to shore, but there are numerous swimming pools in the city. Football is rarely played, for it is never cold enough to be comfortable in the heavily padded uniforms.

Nature seems to have endowed this little West Indian island most generously, but man's part has not been so well played. The extreme poverty and overpopulation have bred discontent; the natives play into the hands of any leader who promises to improve their living. While we were there, the natives, led by an ambitious young man, launched a plan to overthrow the United States Government on the island. This plan called for the murdering of all the foremost Government officials and high ranking military authorities, the disrupting of the school system and other United States institutions. The first act was the murder of the chief of police and then an unsuccessful attempt on the life of the Federal Judge. A riot in the schools soon followed. The riot was started by Puerto Rico's high school students in their school in San Juan, but they quickly spread it to all the schools in the city. I was going to a private school and we had a little warning that the mob was coming. Most of the pupils lived nearby and went home immediately. I phoned for the school bus to come from the fort, which was three miles away, and pick us up. It arrived in time to get us out of the school and on the way to the fort while the mob was still a few blocks away.

Sailing away from a tropical island, after having lived there long enough to think of it as your home, is a heart-tugging event. You have become enough a part of the country to feel that you are leaving there a little part of yourself. As the ship pulls slowly away from the flower-decked pier and the strains of "Auld Lang Syne" float out over the water, you know that your stay in that land has left its mark upon you. It will be a memory that you will cherish always.

Waiting

By JANE EANES

THE night was cold and foggy, and as I walked through the mud down to the lonely boat dock, I could feel a few drops of rain still falling. The storm was almost over, and all except two of the fishing boats had returned. My husband, Bill, and Tom Duncan were still missing. As I strained my eyes to look through the fog towards the sea, I felt rather hollow inside, but I kept hoping that he would come safely back. The "Scrub" was a good strong craft, but the storm had been fierce. The waves had leaped and tossed like mad dogs and seemed as though they wanted to destroy everything in reach—destroy everything in sight.

No, it can't be—it mustn't be. Bill will come home, I thought, desperately trying to convince myself of this. Yet the "Scrub" would be but a toy in a sea so rough.

I reached the docks and stood there waiting, watching, and scanning the sea, hoping to see the little fishing boat. The fog moved about silently, and it reminded me of the first time Bill and I met. At the village dance I noticed that he had been watching me all evening, but he never danced with me. When Joe, my date, and I left to go home, we went by way of the docks although the fog was so thick that you couldn't see the person beside you. As we walked along in silence, Joe took my hand, or at least I thought it was Joe until a deep voice said, "Hello, I'm Bill Morrison." That was the beginning of our romance. Surely it wasn't meant to end like this. Bill must come back to me safely.

I pulled my coat collar up to shield myself from the rain, which was falling faster. The fog was turning into a wet mist, and when I looked around, only dark boat-houses and silent piers were there staring at me. I shaded my eyes and took one more anxious and hopeful look out to sea through the sheets of rain and blankets of mist before returning home.

As I looked to the east, a small speck in the distance caught my eye, and as it drew nearer I made out a boat. I

ran up the street to a cafe and got some fishermen to go out and help the crippled boat. My heart was filled with hope, and yet I was afraid that it might not be Bill. As the boat drew nearer I saw that there was one man aboard. My heart beat faster and my eyes strained to see if it was Bill. Bill was rather tall and well-built, but this man seemed a little short and rather stocky; however, it might be his slicker that made him look stocky and his position that made him short. Was it Bill or was it Tom?

The rain had slackened and a thick fog was coming in fast. It was becoming harder to see the boat, and my heart pounded heavily as I wondered who the one man was. The few minutes it took the boat to reach the dock seemed like hours to me, and as the veil of fog lifted and the man stepped out, my heart stood still. It was not Bill, and I turned away to be alone. I felt as though I had been dropped off a cliff, and I stood there with the cold biting wind blowing in my face and the fog shutting me off from everything. Suddenly someone touched me on the shoulder, and when I turned I only got a glimpse of my Bill, for tears blinded my eyes and I was in his arms again. The thick fog was our friend then because we were truly by ourselves.

A Mountain Peak

By Dorothy Strailman

The lordly and majestic mountain peak,
In all its regal glory seemed to speak
As king to those in Nature who were weak.
His crown was decked with gems of sparkling snow;
His robe of purple brushed the lake below,
A fitting footstool in the afterglow.

The trees, a suppliant people at his feet,
With arms outstretched and nodding heads that beat
Upon the wind who hurried in retreat,
Did make him taller rise in dignity.
So pompously proud of power he seemed to be,
A Monarch great for all outdoors to see.

Love

By MARY FRANCES HERZOG

Oh, I'm as happy as I can be,
For I'm in love, as you can see.
Some people say love makes you sad
That can't be true, for I feel so glad.
In rainy, snowy or sunny weather
I float around just like a feather.

They say love takes your appetite,
But I still eat with all my might;
My heart keeps pounding like a drum;
I never sigh ho hum, ho hum.
I drink my milk or is it cream?
You see, I'm walking in a dream.

I have a hopeless absent mind,
But that is the symptom of my kind.
My cheeks are rosy, I'm in a trance;
If I had music, I would dance;
I cry, I laugh, I shout, I sing.
Oh, but love is a funny thing!

Music and Memories

By HELEN POWERS

Over the keyboard swift fingers flying
Sending a tune or two, cheerful or sighing;
Ringing or singing, rambling or flowing,
Soft music, low music, deep feeling growing.

Playing from soul with eve shadows falling,
Love's old sweet songs, your mem'ry recalling,
Bring back to heart our joys, our sorrows;
Times when we dream of better tomorrows.

Up through the trees and up to the Heaven
Over the world and on the great seven,
God's gift of music is everywhere
Borne on the wings of song, out on the air.

On Autumn

By Charles Fenderson

THERE is no other season of the year that has the significance and meaning to me that autumn does. While recently passing through the countryside, I became more conscious than ever that she was well on her annual path. The solemnity and calmness of the sorrowful leaves gave me the first realization of this fact. Now and then, at irregular intervals and seemingly with a sigh, one would break loose from its cozy attachment to its branch and begin its zigzagged journey to earth. The usual chirping of the birds could no longer be heard from the maze of foliage along the way, and the fields in which they had raced chattering after some unsuspecting insect were now silent and drowsy looking.

I saw further evidence of autumn's approach when a fuzzy-tailed little rabbit, probably just allowed to stray alone by his mother, scampered along in front of our vehicle, suddenly swerving and disappearing into the entanglement of bushes along the road.

On approaching a stream, which rolled lazily under a small bridge, I noticed its unusual slowness and calmness. Usually sparkling and jumping like a sleek fish in the sun, it now rolled slowly along as if it realized its days of revel had passed till spring should come again. Having noticed all these most dominant signs of autumn, I began to think how much the season was like man entering his old age. While carried away in my meditation, I rounded a little bend in the road. It was then I awoke from my spell of thought and beheld a scene which I am sure most of us have witnessed in the fall of the year. There in front of me lay a rolling hill with tufts of gathered corn stalks dotting its surface. Alone and bare in the middle of the field stood a thin, winding tree stretching its knotty branches heavenward. The deep, red sun was sinking behind it casting long, eerie shadows down the smooth field. My heart jumped within me at this grandeur, and I lifted my eyes heavenward in thought. What could be a more beautiful sight than nature in her old age waiting patiently when the time for her to bury herself in deep slumber should come? Certainly sleep preceded by such beauty must contain the most consoling and pleasant of dreams.

No Letter Today

By Faith Davis

JULIE slowly pushed open the squeaky door of the Cedar Hill Post Office, not very confidently as she usually did. She trembled noticeably as she disconsolately wondered if she would get a letter today. Oh, she just had to!

I haven't seen Dick or heard from him in over two weeks, and if I don't get a letter today, she decided, I guess it'll prove he doesn't want to see me again. It was so silly for him to get so angry just on account of a little quarrel.

Deep in thought, she stepped into the tiny post office. She always enjoyed going there—it was always exciting, with the big colored war posters on the wall. She often thought as she looked at one in particular, a picture of a wounded man looking straight at everyone at once it seemed, how remote the war seemed in Cedar Hill. Julia had no brothers who could be snatched from her life, and very few of her friends were in the service because Cedar Hill is so small.

Hesitantly she crossed over to her box. Hers was in the next to the top row, so she had to stand on tiptoe to turn the combination—6 right, middle, 5 left, 7 right. She turned the small metal handle, and the tiny door swung open. Cautiously she stuck her hand into the box, and, holding her breath, she felt all around the inside of the box. Only cold metal greeted her hand, and at once a heavy, numb feeling of disappointment swept over her. No mail again!

At first she was just disappointed, but as she realized what had happened, she became furious and viciously banged the door shut.

If that's the way he feels, I certainly don't care. Why, he doesn't have to write if he doesn't want to—a lot of difference it makes to me! But it was no use; Julie knew she was only pretending not to care. She was deeply hurt, but she'd never let anyone know.

She started slowly toward the door when she heard her name called.

"Hey, Julie, seen Dick?" her best friend Janie asked.

"No," Julie said. "Why?"

"Well, he's been flying around town looking for you for almost an hour and—"

"Around town, looking for me!" Julie yelled. She didn't wait long enough to say goodbye. She just ran and ran with a wonderful feeling inside that everything was all right! She felt gay and happy until suddenly a terrible thought struck her. What if Dick has come up to tell me he's through? Oh, but no, he wouldn't come all the way from New Baltimore, not seventeen miles, to tell me that, she reassured herself.

She glanced up and saw an old Ford jalopy chugging up the road toward her. Her heart jumped to her throat. No one in the world has a car like Ermentrude; no one in the whole world but Dick. It was Dick! Suddenly she was downcast by her appearance: no make-up, her hair tousled, and her school uniform wrinkled from the day's activities. The old car sputtered to a stop beside her, but Julie decided not to look. She just walked on, her heart pounding furiously.

"Get in," someone said.

Julie turned around quickly. "Why, Dick," she cried, trying to put a note of surprise into her voice and at the same time to suppress her eagerness of tone, "when did you get here?"

"I've been here nearly an hour," he said without expression.

Julie couldn't think of anything to say, but she was so happy it didn't matter to her. As they drove in silence down her street, she glanced at him. He doesn't look angry, she thought. Oh, I'll never quarrel with him again, never! The car stopped abruptly, and looking up she found that they were in her driveway. Without looking at her he said, "I'm leaving tomorrow."

"What for?" she asked.

"The Navy."

She just sat there, stunned. Something was pulling inside of her and instantly the picture of the wounded soldier on the poster came back to her, asking the question, "Are you doing all you can?" Now she knew how close war can come to a person, and she saw it clearly, as though through the pleading eyes of that soldier.

Leaving tomorrow! Going away! Then she realized that she hadn't said anything. But what could she say? She groped desperately, but there weren't words. She looked up and there stood Dick grinning at her. She hadn't seen him get out, but now he was holding the door open for her. She stepped out like a robot. He took her hand and they walked up the steps together.

Moods

By James Dooley

How to be Happy

On a spring day, when the sun is warm,
And the winter chill is gone from the air,
Put on some torn pants and canvas shoes,
A sloppy hat that musses your hair.

Snub the rod with the fancy reel,
And the strong silk lines and the silvery lure,
But take from the corner a bamboo pole
And go out to the pond where the air is pure.

Dig for grubs or shiny worms,
And feel the moist earth crumble in hand.
Select a space of sunny beach,
And relax on the soft and sunny sand.

Idly watch for a bob of the cork,
Thinking "of cabbages and kings,"
Without a worry in the world,
Enjoying the peace that contentment brings.

Alone

At last I reached the top, a long, hard climb,
And stood on the peak above the surrounding world
That I could not yet see but knew was there,
A world quite hidden by the wet grey cloud
That silently swept the ground about my feet.

The peak was a barren, jagged pile of rock,
Whose boulders were covered with a brittle scale,
And here and there with spots of damp, green moss,
And formed a thousand alleys and tiny caves,
And a hundred cliffs that overlook the land.

The nearest man was many miles away
And thus, there was no spoiling sound except
The rustle of the wind through stunted grass,
That grew in the fissures of the wrinkled stones,
Or the scratching flight of a lizard to his cave.

I stood unmoving in this cheerless world
Of mist, and asked myself why I had come;
I felt alone, and shivered in the chill
Of the wind, then suddenly my heart was warmed
As I realized that I was not alone.

The Male's Chance

By Anderson Johnson

GEE, the business is terrible and my editor is worse. He asks me, a reporter, to write an essay, and a satiric essay at that. He wants me to write about Petersburg High School, that brain-cramming joint in the camptown burg. The only thing I can think of to write on is paper, which I usually do. But I did go to Petersburg High, and we sometimes had plenty of excitement. I remember one time in particular when a friend and I were walking down "Rogue's Gallery" on the first floor towards a group of girls. (Of course it was girls. What else would be in a group?) As we drew nearer they took their beauty aids from their suitcases. (It is an old custom to call these pocketbooks, but this is fading fast.) All at once, my friend and I were enveloped in a thick cloud, which appeared mysteriously. My chum must have taken a deep breath, for, with a dying gasp, he collapsed upon me. Luckily, I held my breath and after staggering about twenty feet farther we finally emerged into pure air. He was in such a bad condition that I immediately applied "first aid" to help him breathe again, which I thought he would not. But when he did, the first words to pop from his quivering mouth were, "Powder —powder!"

"Powder," I said to myself, "what's he talking about?" Then it came to me. I turned around to see the cloud just lifting from the group of girls and they all had applied their "second fronts." How inhuman they were! They powdered their faces with no regard at all for any harmless male who might be carelessly wandering by.

Oh, well, the boss wouldn't want anything written about that, but he should know about the boys in classes. They haven't the slightest chance to receive a passing grade. The boy, whom fate is against, enters his classrom and after taking his seat, begins to stare and gaze at one of those gorgeous specimens which they call a female. Completely dumfounded he dreams and dreams. Then the teacher asks him a question, a very simple one. After she repeats it twice he replies with a love-laden croon, "How about a date tonight?" That does it! The poor guy has five hours, to be served in conduct hall, for being fresh. The teacher called it impertinence, or something. Anyway, the disheartened boy passes out of the room and into the hall with his spirit so low that he's using it for a shoe sole. Then out of his gloomy eyes there beam excitement and a starry-eyed gaze. Several feet ahead, the school's most beautiful female creature floats along. He follows, thoroughly hypnotized. She makes a turn, he doesn't. Bam! Bam! He smacks two iron posts with both eyes, does a complete loop, and then tries to fit one eye over a door knob! Brother, that's impairing the vision so that the

poor boy doesn't even have a chance of seeing the blackboard since everything else is black.

Wars always cause a shortage of something. So far, nylons and silks have vanished, and elastic for artificial waists has disappeared. If lipstick, powder, and rouge should become unobtainable, men would discover astonishing facts about the opposite sex, and undoubtedly male morale would hit "rock-bottom."

An Atom

By Alvin Cohen

O little massive nucleus, minute sun,
What strange and unseen worlds around you run?
Celestial bodies twirling round and round,
Upon their hidden axis are they spun.

With unknown magic powers do you reign
O'er all your tiny, fleeting, wild domain,
Center of a universe so small,
A mystery much too puzzling to explain.

Planets well secreted from the eye,
Expeditiously they pass each other by;
Never stopping, never slowing down,
On constant orbits swiftly round they fly.

O Solar System undisclosed to me,
A sun around which pygmy planets flee,
Amazing world, in all your splendor shine,
This humble ode I dedicate to thee.

Springtime

By Wirt Williams

Spring comes tripping and skipping
On tiny feet so light
And takes away the blight
Which through the winter white
Gave bareness to the trees from which the snow was dripping.

The flowers rise up so tall
To come forth to the light
In all their splendor bright,
Forgetting there is night
And growing only for the beauty lent to all.

The grass once dead and dark
Takes on its life anew
And sparkles in the dew
Like diamonds just in view,
And all the world goes merrily singing like a lark.

Stars

By James Freeman

The sky is full of stars
And when it turns dark blue,
They open up their sleepy eyes
To let the light shine through.

And when we hear the thunder,
We look to the sky again;
The stars have opened their eyes once more,
This time to let it rain.

But when the night is ending,
And the daylight starts to creep,
The stars begin to blink their eyes
And slowly go to sleep.

For Him

By Shirley Sollod

ONE morning in early spring a lonely, anxious lady is greeted at her door by a messenger boy with a telegram. Her thoughts go back twenty years and forward twenty years in the few crucial moments before she tears open the flap. A message from the United States government brings her sad news—the death of her soldier son. She walks numbly out of the house and stares into a blank wall of space, a wall of loneliness.

An indigo sky looks down upon the home of this heartbroken mother. As her haunted eyes glance about her garden, she thinks of the way Mother Nature looks after her large family and realizes that she herself took care of her family in the same way. She observes the beautiful colors in the flowers, and at the same time wonders if they are beautiful at all. Is not Mother Nature doing her work in vain, to raise her children just to be destroyed? Tears fill her eyes. "Have I reared a son, a man, merely to be killed?"

A short time ago—it seems like yesterday to her—a little boy ran to his house crying. Someone had hurt him. He came to her, his mother, just as he had done so many times before. She comforted him and told him that he must be a brave boy and learn to fight his own battles. Now he will come home no more. Why?

Her glance changes from the flowers to an old oak tree where her little boy used to play with his toy soldiers. Little had either of them suspected that some day he would be a real soldier, a soldier not to play with, but one that might be hurt.

Weary eyes gaze around the garden falling on objects that made her life so beautiful, her boy so happy. She catches a glimpse of a small violet. How delicate, how helpless it appears to her. It seems to look to the other flowers for protection just as her son looked to her. Through his baby diseases and childhood difficulties he had the same fragile, helpless look—the look that seemed to call for help and guidance. She was always there to give him that help. Mothers are always there, even Mother Nature.

A little dandelion waving in the warm breeze brings a quick shock, a pain to her body. His yellow head bobbing in the sun looked the same as this tiny flower in those happy years before her world ended. But had her world ended? Can one draw a conclusion to a chapter before it has even begun? Can she stop living because she has been wounded? No. Soldiers don't die from mere wounds, and she must also be a soldier just as her boy has been. Is she able to cast aside everything he has fought for? Died for? No. Instead she must put on his helmet, carry his gun, fight his foe. He gave his life for her, and she must not let that life be in vain.

A path leads down to a small iron gate, a gate upon which he used to swing. She opens and closes it several times. The same squeaks are still there. Only now they seem to drown out all other sounds. How many times he mended that gate!

Someone walks up the path. She moves back in astonishment. A hand pushes open the gate and in walks a soldier. Her soldier. Yes, he has come home to her. At the same instant her attention is drawn to a small white bird that is flying toward her. Then again her eyes search for her boy, but she sees nothing. Suddenly she realizes that it was really not her son at all, but his spirit telling her that she must not give up. For him, she must not give up. That was a message from a soldier son to his mother.

As the sun mounts high in the sky, a lady walks inside her home, a mother with strength and courage to fight the battles of life just as her son had fought his battle.

The Fiesta

By Conway Coleman

While colors swirled to music gay,
To the pounding beat of the drums that day,
Sombreros fell on dancing feet,
Bodies swayed to the Latin beat,
Voices blurred in Spanish tunes,
And 'neath some window a lover croons.

Click, Click, the castenets,
Gay cabelleros placing their bets
On who would win the dancing girl,
The one that made the red skirt twirl,
A lace mantilla on her head.
Would she the lucky suitor wed?

She danced 'round one and then the other.
Which belonged to the perfect lover?
The pulsing rhythm came to rest.
Had the lady picked the best?
Alas! the dancer's foot did fall
Upon the poorest of them all.

Camping

By James Dooley

MY camping days began when I was a Scout. Our troop was definitely not the spit an' polish type like most others but believed in spending every spare moment in preparing for or going camping.

We had a camp consisting of about ten lean-tos, made of wooden frames covered by tar paper, and two railroad type boxes for storing food and tools. The lean-tos were on a slight hill overlooking a creek, while beside it were several tables and fireplaces, foot deep holes with rusty grills over them. We would go out to the camp on Friday afternoons and stay until Saturday night, working on the camp and swimming in a nearby creek in all but three months of the year.

It was here I learned really to enjoy camping, although not until I had made a few mistakes. For instance, on my first, cold, sleepy-eyed morning in camp as I tried rather unsuccessfully to make myself a breakfast of pancakes, I noticed Cap, our scoutmaster, put some empty eggshells in his coffee pot. A few minutes later, the problem of disposal of my first batch of soggy, rubber-like pancakes arose and I decided that the coffee pot was just the place to dump them, for didn't I see Cap put his garbage there? Now as you probably know, eggshells are sometimes put in coffee to collect floating grounds, a fact of which I was blissfully ignorant. However, at the last minute, Cap saw me and rushed up to rescue his coffee.

It doesn't take long to learn tricks that make for comfortable camping. We learned to bury vegetables in hot embers and make delicious meals. One day we found a large wild strawberry patch nearby. We picked buckets of them, and spent the rest of the day making jam and putting it up in glass coffee jars, no mean feat with a campfire. For many months after that our breakfasts were enlivened by jam on our smoky toast.

Staying warm and yet not too warm at night has always been a problem to the camper. We found that a bed roll of several thin blankets pinned together was more practical than a heavy sleeping bag. One ingenious lad, however, solved the problem almost perfectly. He carried a rather light sleeping bag that was sufficient for mild nights, and when it got cold he merely had his Chap, a beautiful long-haired collie, get in the bag with him, keeping him warm as toast. The only hitch was that he had to carry food for Chap.

Telling time while camping is usually rather haphazard. We never carry watches as there are too many leaves for them to fall under and get lost. Once, when I was on a camping trip on the banks of the James, I woke up and watched the sun rise on the river and then went back to sleep. Then we all got up and went for a leisurely swim, after which we had breakfast. We had a portable

radio with us, but when I turned it on, nothing happened, and I assumed that it was out of order and left it on. We were planning to leave about ten o'clock, so we decided that we had better begin to pack up. As we were rolling up the tents the radio suddenly came to life with a cheery voice saying, "Good morning, everybody, this is station WOLF signing on at 6:30 A. M." By 6:31 A. M. every boy there was back in bed, and a few were almost asleep!

Let Us Be Worthy

By Julie Anderson

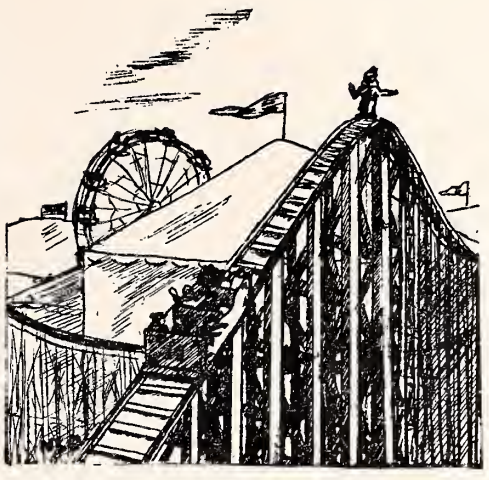
The empty sleeve of the khaki coat,
The worn and haggard face above,
As he steps on shore from the dark, gray boat,
Bespeak his losses for rights we love.

He gave his arm: For freedom of speech;
(Were we worthy of it as we talked today?)
And that we may worship as pleases each;
(Have we kept that faith while he was away?)

For every child his youth he gave;
(Will they know all of freedom's joys?)
He willingly fought, these blessings to save;
(Do we deserve the gifts of these boys?)

The Mad Clown

By Marjorie Davie



THE sun was shining more brightly than it had shone that month and the pupils of Smedley School were chattering with excitement as the school buses drew up to take them in a group to Willow Grove Amusement Park. Today was the day that the sixth and seventh grades were going. It seemed as if the weather was doing its best to make the day perfect. No one even paid any attention to the stifling June heat as the buses sped through the sizzling Philadelphia streets. It was about ten o'clock when they reached the park and the children's shouts of joy caused everyone to turn around. This was the annual outing of the school children was one of the most looked-forward-to events of the year. The girls were all dressed in new summer frocks and most of the boys were in white duck clothes. Under the guidance of their teacher, Mrs. Snyder, the boys and girls took their turns on all the rides which were free that day for all school children, while those not riding were sitting under the trees eating ice cream and drinking soda pop. They rode on the merry-go-round and the airplanes, and went in the "Tunnel of Laughs," where clowns, and crazy statues, which were animated by machinery, jumped out of the wall and hit the cars as they passed by, entertaining the children to a great degree. A laughing lady, another form of mechanically operated machine, seemed to be a center of attraction also. The time was passing so quickly that not one of the children had realized what time it was.

Mrs. Snyder called them all together at one o'clock to eat lunch. That was finished by one-thirty o'clock and, before continuing with their fun, Mrs. Snyder demanded that they all rest awhile, so they all gathered around the lake where they sailed paper boats and played games on paper and some even stretched out on the velvet grass and tried to take a nap.

At two o'clock they were allowed to continued with their rides, and they all rushed towards the small roller coaster. Mrs. Snyder seemed to sense impending danger and tried to persuade them to ride something else, but they pleaded with her, and since she could see no immediate reason for not letting them ride it, she gave in; but she was to regret it later, for hardly had the first car gone

twenty feet when about eighty feet up the track appeared one of the clowns who had apparently gone mad with the heat. The crowds screamed and the operator of the roller coaster threw the switch to stop it, but then the car was about ten feet away from the clown. The diabolical smile on his face held the first group of children in a spell. No one seemed to know exactly what to do, but one little boy, who had been at the end of the line of children, seemed to recover his senses first and ran, unnoticed, to a policeman's telephone box, standing about one hundred yards away, and called the police and told them what had happened. The police didn't believe the child at first, but his report was confirmed about three seconds later by a policeman who had slipped away from the crowd to bring help. In about five minutes they would be there, and so the crowd had to try to hold the attention of the madman for those five minutes. The time dragged out as hours, but finally they arrived. If the clown had seen them, he would probably have made a dash for the children and harmed them, so they sneaked around to the track about three hundred yards behind the clown and a squad of six began to creep up on him. They were almost fifteen yards away when the clown began to turn around. One little girl recovered her senses and screamed hysterically. The madman was infuriated by this and began to lunge for her. Just at that moment, the police threw a heavy steel mesh net over the clown's head. It was a perilous perch, and it was all the six policemen could do to keep their balance and hold the clown down until a net could be secured to hold beneath the roller coaster tracks for the children to jump into. Everyone drew a sigh of relief and several girls began quietly weeping when the patrol car drove off with the mad clown. The excitement had been so great that Mrs. Snyder ordered the children to leave for home immediately. It was a group of badly frightened children who drew up to Smedley School that afternoon, but little Richard Underwood, who had been the dunce of the school, was now the hero for his quick thinking in calling for help.

Idiot's Delight

By Alvin Cohen

IT is morning. John Jones awakes from a restless slumber, washes, breakfasts, and proceeds to work, reading the daily newspaper in order to keep up with any important news which may appear in it.

Suddenly, his eyes open wide, his mouth gapes in wonder at what he sees in the paper. His head begins to spin with questions which pop into it at this sudden turn of events. All day long, John Jones discusses these same questions with his friends, trying with great difficulty to unravel the mysterious answers, but with little success. When night comes, he cannot sleep, because his mind is troubled. He has not yet solved the problem.

And now let us look into the cause of this disruption in the life of a typical American. We begin with the complex human brain, man's most prized possession, the organ which governs every phase of life. Should this precious machine become diseased or damaged in any way, it may change the whole character of an individual, transposing him from a sane, honest man to a thief, a murderer, or occasionally a comic strip artist.

It is the latter with which this essay deals—the so-called comic strip artist—not those who make a nation laugh, but rather the mad dreamer whose weird fantasies and creations continue to trouble the minds of millions of people daily.

And so we discover that John Jones has opened the pages of his newspaper, only to find Dick Tracy in a new and extra perilous predicament. His mind is troubled because he is unable to devise a means of getting the master detective free and must await the following day's paper to discover the artist's ridiculous method of ending the reader's anxiety.

In this way it goes on continually. Once miraculously escaped from the jaws of death, Detective Tracy falls into a new and even more unusual predicament, only to escape again in an even more unusual manner than he previously did. Case after case, he stands at the gates of Death, but does not enter. Day after day, the American public reads, with mingled disgust and amazement, about the new dangers he falls into and the method employed in getting him out. And so, because of Dick Tracy's present situation, John Jones cannot sleep this night.

But suppose Dick Tracy had quietly passed away in the midst of a heated gun battle with Mr. Lemonpuss, who is later killed. Then there would no longer be a troubled John Jones who twists and turns restlessly in his bed at night after a hard day's work. Instead, he and the rest of America can sleep peacefully because they know that Dick Tracy is at last at rest.

This is just one of the many so-called "comic strips" which fill the newspapers of today. Besides Dick Tracy, we can read of the impossible antics of Superman, the amazing accomplishments of Mandrake the Magician and Orphan Annie, and many others like them. And in reading these, we wonder what new fantastic problems the twisted brains of the creators of these characters can emit for the hero or heroine to solve. And then we wonder what silly solution is in store for that problem.

Comic strips were originated for the purpose of bringing laughter into the lives of those who read them. Some do. But the majority of today's "comic strips" do not. They merely serve to add more seriousness to a world in need of laughter and joy. And yet they continue.

The Steam Shovel

By Norman Krell

Belching smoke and breathing steam,
An iron clad dragon rules supreme,
His giant head on a neck of steel,
With gaping jaws that yearn to feel
That black moist food between grey teeth,
All the earth that lies beneath.

He lowers his head upon the ground,
He pauses a while to emit a sound;
Snorting loudly, he closes fast
Those iron bound jaws. Then he screams with a blast.
Creaking under the weight with a sigh,
He slowly raises his head to the sky.

All day this monster tears around,
Ripping gaping holes in the ground,
Shattering stones, uprooting trees,
Crushing these tender morsels with ease.
But as night draws nigh, he has had fill,
And ends the day with a bellow shrill.

"Missing In Action"

By Arlene Donovan

HERE I lie in this fox-hole, not knowing whether this is my last moment. I don't know how long I've been lying in this stench and filth; time is unreckonable here on this island. We live day after day in the hope of the supply ships which we pray for, but deep down inside us, we somehow sense they're never going to reach us.

I was a happy kid, never realizing the horrors of war, but just the glory I could gain if I joined the United States army. I thought fighting this war would be a cinch, but I, like so many of us, was so very wrong.

I got through my basic training, technical training, and all the other training the infantry had to offer. I went on maneuvers and bivouacs and soon earned the rank of sergeant.

Then one day we quickly boarded a train. It was a ride, we thought, just to another camp, but upon learning our destination, we knew this was no ordinary train ride, but was probably the last one we were going to take for a long time. Reaching our destination and waiting around for a few days, we were suddenly ordered to send all our personal belongings home. This was it! Here was the chance I had been waiting for to get even with those guys who had been killing off our good American boys.

Quietly one night we boarded the U. S. S. Sacramento and began our long voyage to———. I was still tough and could take every rock the boat had to offer. Huh! What were those guys who were getting sea-sick on this boat going to do when we got "over there"?

I found out soon enough! My first day after landing was spent in an air-raid shelter with the Japs bombing and machine-gunning everything in sight. They don't go in for just military installations, but anything in view—be it hospitals, churches, or human beings.

You've never seen homesickness until you've been in an army camp over seas. We don't think anything of crying; not that we can't take it, but it sort

of relieves the tension inside us. Worst of all are the days we don't get any mail. If the people at home knew how important mail was to us, they'd write so much more.

One night we were awakened, told to dress quickly, and fall in for orders. Standing in line there in the dead of night, I heard the order to go forward to keep the Japs from our munitions supply.

Fully equipped, we were eager to begin what we had been training for so long. That brings me up to where I am now—in this fox-hole, fighting and praying.

It's been tough seeing my buddies shot down beside me, or seeing them wounded—slowly and painfully dying, not being able to help them with anything except a humble prayer.

I know what's in store for us; there's no use in kidding myself. The Japs are steadily pushing us back, and it's just a matter of hours now. I know I'm going to die, but I'll kill off as many of those Japs as I can until they get me. I don't want to die, but knowing I have to, I'd like to see Mom and Dad just for a little while to tell them good-bye with just the simple good-night kiss I gave them every night.

Gosh! The Japs are getting closer; I can hear the rumble of their tanks coming around the bend in the road now, just below us. I can see the snipers slowly creeping up, and can hear the occasional crack of a rifle.

Those sons of the Rising Sun are coming so close I can see their slimy yellow faces gleaming in the sun. I'm going to get as many of them as I can while I'm still able and kind of even up the score with them for killing some of the best buddies I've ever had.

They've got us now; that sniper, who I thought was dead, did his last deed for Tojo.

I'm dying, but it's funny; it's not at all what I thought it would be. I'm not even scared of what's ahead of me, but just have a peaceful feeling—better than I've ever had in my life.

Gee, I'm getting tired. I'd better start saying my prayers before I go to my last sleep.

An Old Mill

By Marjorie Johnson

AT the time of evening just before sunset, whenever I happen to walk past the little lane that leads up to the ancient cotton mill, I cannot help but turn back and enter where once stood a cedar gate. Anyone who has a love for old things such as the mill cannot refrain from standing and admiring for a few minutes this dilapidated building. Its brown stone walls are almost hidden from sight by a thick foliage of green ivy that for years has been slowly winding its way to the top of the structure. The long twisting vines can be seen holding tightly to each other, embracing the walls as if to hold them together just a little longer. At the foot of the walls soft green grass grows, and clutching the crumpling rocks is a bluish green velvet moss.

There are three stories of tall narrow windows in which there is not one piece of glass left unbroken. The broken windows, pleading to be filled with clean glowing glasses once again, look sadly out upon the countryside. Sometimes I almost see them as they were then, with the sun glowing down on them, beaming with pride for the busy workmen and running looms. The sun shines now but only to light the darkened sagging three floors of rotted wood.

On entering the mill, I behold a piteous sight. With only the rays of the evening's sun for light, it is hard to see clearly the first floor of the building. The second and third floors can be seen dimly through huge openings in the ceiling. I imagine there were good hardwood floors earlier in the life of the mill, but now there is only the rotted timber littering the weakening floors with their own remains.

The dampness and moldering wood provide the inside with a deep dank odor which clings to my clothes even after leaving. Inside there is an air of gloom and discomfort, yet there is an air of a bygone dignity left within its walls. I have occasionally heard a faint hum of olden looms about the mill, but my better knowledge tells me that it is only the drone of falls in a nearby river.

The hum, mingled with the voices of passers-by, brings back to me the

scenes of an earlier generation when the mill was at the peak of its short life. The setting sun adds life to the scene as its rays become bright crimson. Through the broken windows the crimson streams drain slowly like the life blood of those who once tended the stilled looms and give life to the shadows. The hum of looms grows louder and louder with each crimson ray of light. Soon the chatter of mingled voices can be heard above the roar, sad voices and gay voices, eager young voices and voices touched with age, voices full of health and merriment, tired drooping voices, strange voices from the past!

The flickering rays of the sun make it difficult for me to see the workers clearly, but they are moving carefully and swiftly about their work, changing thread here and there and winding it about new bobbins, folding the cloth as it rolls forth from the looms.

The people I see now are an humble lot thankful for the mill which has provided a living for them. There is one girl I see touching tenderly the cloth as she folds it and one old lady eying her shuttle closely, careful not to drop it. I wonder what those two would say if they could see what is now left of their cherished work place. I wonder if they would cry out in anguish as they eyed the rusted shuttles and rotted looms. Would they pass it by casually, as does the present-day generation, and comment on the beauty of the ivy?

Suddenly a bell rings high above my head. Its deep mellow tones are touched by years of rust and bad weather. It is not so melodious as it was when grandmother heard it many years ago, telling her to go home. It's time to close the looms for the night.

The sun has set by now somewhere far beyond the horizon, taking with it the blood of our forefathers, cutting off the looms forever. No longer can I hear the roar of them so plainly, nor can I see the flitting shadows beside them in the mill. All is dark within and all is still without.

I shut the broken door and walk outside now at dusk. I happen to stray back of the now gloomy old building where I find a small creek of running water. I am told that this was called the "canal" by the workers. Here was the place where they kept their bottles of milk for their lunches to keep them from spoiling. It was more than that to them, though. It was the thing that gave power to run the mill.

To me the little creek behind the mill was still more than an "ice box" and a source of power. It was a flowing stream of life watching the world go by. Silently, patiently it was watching the swift passage of time and the multitudes of new generations through the years. It had witnessed the birth of this once babe of a mill and had watched her slowly grow into womanhood. It had watched her as a debutante making her debut into the industrial world. It had tenderly looked on as she became middle-aged and began to break. Now it is watching her slowly grow weak and tired with old age. It alone will watch her crumble and die.

I Must

By Mary Frances Herzog

MRS. GRANT stood in the huge doorway of her expensive home. She watched as the last car disappeared down the driveway, and closing the door, she entered the drawing room. Her butler was putting cups and saucers on a large silver tray. "Collins, when Bob comes, send him in here," she told him, as she crossed to the window. "He's an hour late now; I hope nothing has happened," she continued.

"Yes, Mrs. Grant," Collins replied as he left the room with the tray. He left it in the kitchen and had just entered the hall when he heard a car coming up the driveway. He opened the door just as the car stopped in front of the house. "Welcome home, Mister Bob," he said cheerfully.

"Hi-ya, Collins; where is that mom of mine?"

"She's waiting for you in the drawing room, sir."

Bob handed his bags to Collins and bounded up the steps two at a time. He entered the room and kissed his mother fondly on the cheek. She looked at him with affectionate eyes. "Let me look at you," she said; "I believe you are taller."

"No, mother, I've just lost a little weight."

"How long will you be here?"

"I have a week-end, but if you will let me I will stay longer."

"What do you mean?"

"Mother, I'm not a baby anymore. I'll be finishing at college next year, but I've made up my mind that I'm not going back. We're fighting a war and I'm going to enlist in the Marines."

"What are you talking about? You know that your father wanted you to finish college and take over his business. You could at least think of him," she said.

"If dad were living he would want me to join up, not to let everybody do my fighting for me."

"I forbid it. I can't see you associating with the lower class of people you are sure to meet there."

"I'm sorry you feel that way, mother, but I have made up my mind and nothing can change it. I must enlist."

"We won't discuss—"

"Hello, Bob, when did you get here?"

Unnoticed by Mrs. Grant and her son, a young girl had entered the room. She sat down beside her brother, and they chatted gayly. Mrs. Grant watched them closely. You would never recognize them as brother and sister, she thought. Bob, with his sandy hair and big brown eyes, was the image of his father, while Nancy, with her black hair, dark skin, and blue eyes, favored her grandmother more than she did anyone else.

"Nancy, I'm not going back to college; I'm going to join the Marines," Bob was saying.

"Oh, how wonderful!" Nancy exclaimed.

"I think you have forgotten that I did not give you my permission," Mrs. Grant told her son coldly. "This war is just a lot of nonsense. All of this gas rationing and food rationing are just being done to inconvenience us."

"Mother, how can you talk like that? I haven't told you before, but I guess I had better tell you now. I took my physical exam yesterday and passed. I leave Monday," Bob concluded.

Nancy looked at him. He really meant business and she knew it. She also knew her mother was determined and would not give up until she had done everything in her power to keep him from going.

Saturday and Sunday passed slowly for Bob. He was anxious to leave, and people coming in and out of the house all day long bored him.

Monday finally arrived. Bob was up early. He ate his breakfast and went upstairs to pack his things. When he opened the door, Nancy was standing there. "What are you doing?" he inquired.

"I'm packing for you," she replied, "and then I'm driving you to the station."

"I don't suppose you will mind if I help you pack my bag?"

"Of course not."

They talked and laughed as they worked together. Whenever Bob picked up two things, one of which would have to stay behind, Nancy would decide for him and then promise to send anything else he wanted.

When they had finished, they came down the steps together and entered the drawing room. Mrs. Grant was having her cup of coffee, which she always drank after her breakfast.

"Mother, I'm going to drive Bob to the station," Nancy informed her mother.

"I'll write to you, mother, and let you know how I'm getting along," Bob said.

"You need not bother," Mrs. Grant replied coolly. "If you leave this house today, you need never to return or to correspond with me."

"Mother! What are you saying?" Nancy cried. "Bob is going away to fight for you and me. He's going to fight for everything we love and enjoy. Surely you don't mean what you just said."

"I mean every word of it, Nancy, and I forbid you ever to see your brother again. You are not going to the station with him and you are not to write to him. I do not like to have people do things against my will, and if they do, I have nothing else to do with them."

"I'm sorry you feel this way, mother. I think I had better go now. I'll drive my car; thanks just the same, Nancy." Bob kissed his sister and left the room. In the hall he picked up his bag and went out to his car. He jumped in and drove away.

Nancy ran to the window and waved, trying very hard to hold back the tears.

"Oh, mother, what have you done?" she cried. "How could you be so hateful?"

"That's enough; you may go to your room and cool down a bit."

Nancy ran up the stairs. She threw herself on her bed and sobbed her heart out. Collins carried her lunch up to her, but she hardly touched it. At dinner time she came down stairs. She entered the drawing room and sat in the chair facing her mother.

"If you are ready to apologize for your behavior this morning, I will excuse you," Mrs. Grant said.

"I'm sorry, mother," Nancy replied.

It was two weeks later that Bob's first letters arrived. Collins carried the mail into the dining room. He gave Nancy her letters, and then carried Mrs. Grant her mail. She looked at each letter before she opened it. At last Bob's letter lay on top. She opened it and read it hurriedly. When she finished she tore it into small pieces.

"Nancy, I do not want you to write to your brother; do you understand?" With those words she left the room.

Months passed and every day Bob grew stronger and every hour he became more serious. He knew he was doing the right thing although he hated having his mother angry. He wrote to Nancy, but all of the letters were sent to a friend's house. Nancy also wrote to her brother. Mrs. Grant received four letters, but answered none of them. Finally her letters ceased to arrive.

Nancy was beginning to worry. She had written Bob three letters and still she had received no answer. For three months she wrote to him, two letters a week. The last two had come back.

It was after dinner, about two weeks later, that Nancy and her mother were having coffee in the library. The doorbell rang and Collins went to answer it.

He entered the library and handed Mrs. Grant a telegram. She opened it and read:

"We regret to inform you that your son has been killed in action. He gave his life in the service of his country, and also he saved the lives of four other marines. We are very proud of him, and we are sure that you are too."

She handed the telegram to Nancy, and went to her room. Why had she acted so stubbornly, she asked herself. She knew Bob had been right all the time. If only she could have him back, even for one hour. If only she could tell him how selfish she had been. Now, when it was too late, she knew she was wrong. Bob had done the right thing. His place was to fight for his country and freedom, and, if necessary, to die for it. This he had done and she was proud of him.

Quietly, she knelt down, and closing her eyes, she said, "Oh God, he was my son, and I'm so very proud of him!"

The Mowing Machine

By PRESTON HARE

Swish, Swish goes the mowing machine
With its sparkling blade and edge so keen,
As it passes over the golden grain,
As it passes over, fearing the rain,
Yet it cuts a path 'cross the widened fields,
Where the grain now falls and slowly yields;
So swish, swish goes the mowing machine.

Swish, Swish goes the singing blade
As it cuts the wheat across the glade;
Ving, Ving, it oft time sings
As it hastens the birds on their dashing wings;
Across the fields and through the valley,
It leaves a clean cut golden alley;
So swish, swish goes the mowing machine.

My Solitude

By Audrey Cheeley

Happy I wander through valleys and nooks,
Alone but content in this isolation.
I laugh with the merrily bubbling brooks
And take no time for grave consultation.
I stroll by a tall and rustling tree
And I grin at the shadow skipping with me.

Often I smile at the antics of sheep
As they merrily trot around in disdain.
I perceive small fish as they swim in the deep
Of a little pool far away from the main.
I am at peace in this lonely retreat
And the winds are whispering cool and sweet.

I skip o'er the wet and shimmering grass
Sprinkled with gold by the setting sun,
Giving no heed to the future or past
As gayly through darkening woods I run.
Before it is night I return to my home
Until in my dreams again I shall roam.

Snow

By Calvin Orcutt

On such a day as this
The sun is shining true;
Snow is like a petal
Gleaming with the dew.

Snow is crystal starlight
On a night in May
When the moon's a beacon
Showing you the way.

Snow is like a jewel
Priceless in its worth.
Snow is like—well, maybe
Nothing else on earth.

READ OUR

ADVERTISEMENTS

A & B Restaurant

Cor. Washington and Sycamore

A Good Place to Eat

BLACKER'S

"The Young Men's Shop"

CLOTHING AND
GENTS' FURNISHINGS

146 N. Sycamore St. Petersburg, Va.

W. A. Williamson J. P. Robinson

MODEL LAUNDRY

CLEANING
AND
PRESSING

Phone 241 48 S. Union St.

Bentz Paint and Wall Paper Corp.

Brushes — Glass — Oils

ACME QUALITY PAINTS
VARNISHES

Phone 435 25 W. Washington St.

D. D. ADKINS

SHOES OF QUALITY

Since 1878

Full Line Military Footwear

WICE'S

COZY
MODERN

Century Theatre

PETERSBURG, VA.

Jordan Bros., Inc.

EVERYTHING IN JEWELRY

We Make Terms to Suit You

123½ Sycamore Street

PHONE 1894

COMPLIMENTS OF

THE CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK
of Petersburg, Virginia

RESOURCES — OVER 8 MILLION DOLLARS

Chamber of

Commerce

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

Visit Our New Re-modeled
Air-Cooled Beauty Salon

Let our Mr. Harold create the permanent and hair style best suited for your individual personality.

Molly's Beauty Shoppe

124 North Sycamore Street

197 — BEAUTY PHONES — 198

Kirkland Auto Service Company

PACKARD PARTS and SERVICE

General Auto Repairing

PHONE 298

15 E. Washington St. Petersburg, Va.

S. S. Kresge Co.

IT'S EASY AS . . . .

1 - 2 - 3

TO CALL

G. C. WILSON & CO., Inc.

FOR

Insurance

Petersburg-Hopewell Bus Lines

Hotel
Petersburg

Stevens & Maclin

"The Record Shop"

31 W. Washington St.

Largest Stock of Records in Southside Virginia

RUCKER
OSENSTOCK . . .

FOUNDED ON THE PRINCIPLE THAT A STORE EARNS THE RIGHT TO EXIST ONLY AS IT SERVES

ORGANIZED CLEANERS

At Your Service

New System Laundry

CLEANERS — DYERS

516 W. BROWN ST. PHONE 781

"The Old Reliable"

Petersburg Furniture Company, Inc.

HOME FURNISHERS

"Your Credit Is Good"

100 N. SYCAMORE STREET

PHONE 223

GELLMAN'S

Friendly Jewelers

212 North Sycamore Street

Union Trust Building

Convenient Terms Arranged

Wm. E. Lum, Jr., Inc.

KODAKS — STATIONERY

OFFICE SUPPLIES

15 North Sycamore Street

Phone 15 Petersburg, Va.

Cotten Motor Co.

BUICK FOR 28 YEARS

109 North Market Street

PHONE 513

R. S. Terrie & Co.

JOHN H. CATO, JR., Manager

INSURANCE

9 W. Tabb Street Telephone 120

PETERSBURG, VA.

WANTED — FIGHTING DOLLARS FOR FIGHTING MEN

They Give Their Lives — You Lend Your Money

BUY WAR BONDS HERE

YOUNG-HARRISON & COMPANY

BUY AT

THE FASHION

LADIES' WEARING APPAREL

Telephone 1194-J

312 N. Sycamore St. Petersburg, Va.

DIAMONDS — WATCHES — JEWELRY

Albert's, Jewelers

148 North Sycamore Street

PHONE 3366

"If it's from Albert's, it's guaranteed"

KENT'S

Dependable Furniture
Since 1897

J. S. RITCHIE

The Feed and Seed Man

FARM MACHINERY

Cor. Short Market and Old Sts.

PETERSBURG, VA.

Petersburg Laundry

PHONE 236

"High Quality Services"

HIGH-GRADE CLOTHING, SHOES
AND FURNISHINGS

Lubman's Men's Shop

Military Uniforms and Supplies

233 N. Sycamore St. Phone 2638

Roper Bros. Lumber Company, Inc.

PETERSBURG, VA.

Seaboard Salvage Co.

(GRESHAM & WARE)

We Buy and Sell 'Most Anything Secondhand

Phone 128 128 N. Market St.

SHIRLEY'S
West End Barbecue

SANDWICHES — LUNCH
DRINKS

Compliments of

WHITMORE'S
Restaurant

29 SOUTH SYCAMORE STREET

ESTABLISHED 1860

Petersburg Savings & American Trust Co.

"The Oldest Bank in the Oldest State in the United States"

MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORP.

RANDOLPH-MACON COLLEGE

1830 — FOR MEN — 1944

A standard Liberal Arts College for men with a national reputation for the success of its graduates.

A member institution of the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools, of the Association of American Colleges, and of the Southern University Conference. On the approved list of the Association of American Universities.

The college has made available its facilities to the military authorities since the outbreak of the war. It has cooperated with the United States Navy through the V-1, V-5, and V-7 programs, through the pre-induction course of the Marine Corps, through the Army Enlisted Reserve and the Army Air Corps Enlisted Reserve. During the year 1942-43, it has conducted for the Navy a Flight School under the Civil Aeronautics Administration War Training Service.

J. EARL MORELAND, President
ASHLAND, VIRGINIA

PETERSBURG COMMUNITY CHEST, Inc.

Supports

CHARITABLE, WELFARE AND CHARACTER BUILDING ORGANIZATIONS OF PETERSBURG

"All of Your Begs in One Ask It"

Our High School . . .

THE GREATEST ASSET WE HAVE

It is a pleasure and a privilege to support it in all its activities

Petersburg Notion Company, Inc.

223 NORTH SYCAMORE STREET

The Globe
Department Store

Exclusive
Ready-to-Wear

Photographs that all but speak

ROSE STUDIO

WHERE FRIENDLINESS AND QUALITY
WILL ALWAYS PREVAIL

124-A N. Sycamore St. Phone 1315-J

The Petersburg High School Students are to be congratulated on their efforts to improve their publication. The Progress-Index joins a proud community in wishing the students much success in their scholastic life and in their careers. We are proud to publish the "School Weekly News" for the students of P. H. S. Watch for it in the . . . .

PROGRESS-INDEX

Every Week

Standard-James Shoe Company

"For Better Shoes"

124 NORTH SYCAMORE STREET

SMITH

Cigar Store

DEL MONTE

Quality Food Products

John A. Gill Grocery Company

DISTRIBUTORS

Petersburg Insurance Company, Inc.

PHONE No. 2

Insurance of all kinds plus Real Service

Powers' News Store

MAGAZINES — NEWSPAPERS

CANDY — CIGARS

Phone 1485 242 N. Sycamore St.

PETERSBURG, VA.

W. F. DANCE

Everything in Season

OLD MARKET

176 — PHONE — 177

L. W. T. Bulifant

JEFFERSON STANDARD LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Phone 115 38 Franklin St.

Harlow-Hardy Co.

FURNITURE — STOVES

FLOOR COVERINGS, ETC.

17-19 W. Washington St. Phone 919

Geo. D. Jones

Coal

Blackwell Smith's Drug Store

Washington and South Streets

Don't Sniff—at the First Sign of a Cold

Take SYMPTOMS — 25c

PHONE 575

W. Garland Anderson

Inc.

PHONE 1511

Ellerslie Co-operative Dairy, Inc.

PURE DAIRY PRODUCTS

The Home of Quality MILK

37 Sycamore Street

PHONE 1868

THE BEST IN MILL WORK AND BUILDING MATERIALS

Always

Petersburg Builders' Supply Co., Inc.

"Everything to Build With"

We invite you to visit our store corner of Franklin & Sycamore Streets, and see our display of EARLY AMERICAN and ANTIQUE REPRODUCTIONS.

McKENNEY'S

Petersburg's Newest Furniture Store

FRANKLIN and SYCAMORE

Master Chevrolet Sales, Inc.

CHEVROLET

Sales — Service

PHONE 200 25 - 33 E. BANK ST.

Hill Top Barbecue

M. J. EUDAILEY

Phone 9004 Ettrick, Va.

OLIVER E. CROCKER

DISTRIBUTOR AND OPERATOR OF LEGAL AMUSEMENT AND VENDING MACHINES AND AUTOMATIC PHONOGRAPHS

"Machines That Click"

Allimac Stamping Co.

Manufacturers

TRUNK HARDWARE AND METAL STAMPINGS

PETERSBURG - - VIRGINIA

Petersburg Mutual Building & Loan Corp.

121 N. SYCAMORE STREET

The Newest in SPORTSWEAR

The Newest in HABERDASHERY

Sollod's Clothing Shop

"Solid Built Clothes"

FOR MEN AND BOYS

PHONE 728

Special Attention to Boys and Students

220 N. Syc. St.
Petersburg, Va.

Powell Manufacturing Co.

BUILDING MATERIALS

4th and Henry Streets

PHONE 340

— GAS —

— always at your service —

NIGHT AND DAY

Use It, But Do Not Waste It

COMPLIMENTS OF

Raleigh Cigarettes

Dancy's

Barber Shop

Visit Us . . .

FOR REPAIRS

To Household Electrical Appliances and All Makes Radios

Carr's Radio Shop

31 S. SYCAMORE ST.

CHAS. LEONARD HARDWARE CO., Inc.

ATHLETIC SUPPLIES

WEST BANK STREET PHONE 2300

Howard Eanes

FIRE AND AUTO INSURANCE

Phone

169 or 2072

Phone 1655

Mark E. Holt

OPTOMETRIST AND JEWELER

Established 1915

218 N. Sycamore St. Petersburg, Va.

Poole's
Dairy Products
RAW AND PASTEURIZED MILK
Phone 1396-W
Cox Road R. F. D. 4
PETERSBURG - - VIRGINIA

McLELLAN'S
SCHOOL SUPPLIES
Complete Line of Wanted Merchandise
FROM 5c TO $1.00

Citizens Cab Co., Inc.
24-HOUR SERVICE
Our Cabs Are Insured and Heated
PHONE 743

PHONE 1193
Flowers For All Occasions
TURNES, *The Florist*
210 NEW STREET
PETERSBURG - - VIRGINIA

COMPLIMENTS
OF
A FRIEND

Jones-Rosenstock, Inc.
—CLOTHING
—HATS
—FURNISHINGS
For the Young Man and the Man
PHONE 808
107 N. Sycamore St. Petersburg, Va.

Try CHAMPION FOUNTAIN PENS
— for —
Smooth Writing
Southern Pen Company
16 North Union Street
PETERSBURG - - VIRGINIA

O. P. Hare Drug Co.
"The Prescription Druggist"
MOTORCYCLE DELIVERY
84 — PHONES — 145

COMMUNITY STORES

LOCALLY OWNED AND OPERATED

Veterans' Restaurant

WEST TABB STREET

DALTON'S

The Franklin Furniture Co., Inc.

Dealers in

HOUSEHOLD SPECIALTIES

Cor. Sycamore and Bank Sts.

J. D. Mann Bakery

COMPLIMENTS OF A FRIEND

Charles Smith Studio

Lee Casino

Max Tobias

The Gem

Colonial Cleaners

Dixie Supply Co.

Southworth's

Morris & Claytor
"QUALITY SHOP"

MAGEE'S CORNER DRUG STORES

(Your Professional Stores)

Cor. Sycamore and Bank Sts.
PHONE 81

Cor. Sycamore and Halifax Sts.
PHONE 1435

Universal Life Insurance Co., Inc.

District Office
404 MEDICAL ARTS BLDG.
S. A. TUDOR, *District Manager*
PHONE 1142 or 1501

TIRE SERVICE BATTERY SERVICE

Sycamore Service Station

C. C. BUCHANAN, Prop.
15-17-19 South Sycamore Street

LUBRICATION WASHING

The Missile

Printed by

VIRGINIA PRINTING COMPANY

FRED H. REAVES, JR.

22 - 24 East Bank Street Phone 67